

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1939.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WHOSE PLAN FOR ESTABLISHING A PERIOD OF PEACE IN EUROPE WAS RECENTLY COMMUNICATED TO HERR HITLER AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI IN A PERSONAL MESSAGE.

On April 15 President Roosevelt revealed that on the previous evening he had sent a personal message to Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini in which he urged them to give an assurance that for a period of at least ten years they would not attack the independent nations of Europe, and the Middle East. He proposed, if their replies were favourable, to obtain a similar assurance from the other nations concerned, thus creating a peaceful atmosphere for discussions,

in which the United States Government would take part, on the limitation of arms, and economic problems. President Roosevelt concluded: "Heads of great Governments in this hour are literally responsible for the fate of humanity in the coming years. They cannot fail to hear the prayers of their peoples to be protected from the foreseeable chaos of war. History will hold them accountable for the lives and the happiness of all—even unto the least." (A.P.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

DURING the changing and wonderful weather of this Eastertide, it was interesting to watch the reactions on people's minds. The holiday coincided with one of those painful international crises with which we are growing so familiar, and it goes without saying that the News Department of the national broadcasting monopoly did its best very successfully, in the highest traditions of contemporary sensational journalism, to keep everyone on tenterhooks. Its master-stroke in announcing in the most alarming tones at 11.50 on Good Friday morning that there would be a special news bulletin at one o'clock, without giving the slightest indication of its nature, will long be remembered by millions as the cause of a very long hour's quite useless anxiety on what might otherwise have been a morning of peace and rest. Popular holidays in these days of universal industrial and state capitalism are not so common that they can be broken into without a tired and much-tried people remembering and resenting.

cannot help feeling that others, who had a greater responsibility to the people of this country than Signor Mussolini, were not altogether unblameworthy, even if their offence amounted to nothing worse than unthinkingness.

Yet, as the week-end wore on, outside London, where little chance of recovery was allowed by the relentless pressure of news and rumour, nerves that during the past months had been frayed almost beyond endurance, began to recover. It was not that the international news got any better, or that the reports of those who retailed the news became any less alarming. If anything, rather the contrary. But the merciful tendency of human nature to find a compensating consolation for itself, even in the most adverse circumstances, began to reassert itself. The weather, of course, helped. People who, in the bleak winds of Good Friday, were speaking of imminent war

took the man and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. And the Lord God commanded the man, saying: Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Unhappily, aspiring, curious Eve and the guileful Serpent thought otherwise. The consequence we all know. Adam and his seed did not die, for the Lord pardoned him. But his days of innocence, and therefore of happiness, were over. The angel with the flaming sword drove him and Eve his wife headlong from the Garden of Eden. No longer were they as the other created things, living happily and naturally in the sentient pleasure of the moment and neither regretting the past nor fearing the unguessed-at future. Their eyes were opened, and they knew good and evil, and knew, too, that they were naked, and were ashamed and sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons.



THE GERMAN NAVY: A CONSPECTUS OF THE POWERFUL FLEET, LARGELY COMPOSED OF POST-WAR VESSELS, WHICH IS SENDING A MIXED SQUADRON OF THIRTY SHIPS TO ENGAGE IN EXERCISES OFF THE SPANISH COAST; FOR COMPARISON WITH THE NAVIES OF OTHER POWERS ILLUSTRATED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

Not surprisingly, the news that a German naval force consisting of two armoured vessels of the "Deutschland" class, two cruisers, two destroyer divisions, and eighteen submarines was going to Spanish waters for spring exercises gave rise to considerable comment in this country. During the exercises the German squadron will touch at Tangier, and at harbours in Spain, Portugal, and Spanish

Morocco. Submarine depot ships, a destroyer depot ship and oil-tankers probably make it up to a total of thirty vessels. The departure of this squadron leaves in German home waters only the new battleships "Gneisenau" and "Scharnhorst," one "pocket battleship," and a few cruisers, besides smaller craft. (Specially drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by Oscar Parkes, O.B.E.)

I know there are people who scoff at the ultra sensitive-ness of those who complain of the sensationalism of the B.B.C. news bulletins. They overlook, I think, the enormous effect that the authoritative spoken word has on the partly-educated mind, which, it should be remembered, is the mind of everyman to-day. There is no counter-voice or modifying explanation: an announcement over the British wireless system is, for all practical purpose, totalitarian. It is too easily forgotten how great is the strain which nervous people, subjected to this constant bombardment of rumour and alarm, have undergone during the past year. A very wise man—a great Christian and a great patriot—said to me the other day, that he considered that the tortures of the body endured by men in the Dark Ages were no greater than those of the mind endured by a sensitive man to-day. In our big cities to-day, especially in London, the pressure of news, the greater part of it tending to anxiety, is almost ceaseless. People get news-drunk, rather as boxers get punch-drunk. One had hoped that the brief respite of Easter would give Londoners seeking quiet in a country holiday a little chance to recover. It was a hope falsified. The blame was, of course, primarily Signor Mussolini's, who, whatever excuses he may have made for his action, chose a singularly unhappy day for his coup in Albania. But I

as a certainty, were, under the general impulse of Easter Sunday's and Easter Monday's sunshine, talking about their next summer holidays, and making plans for the long evenings ahead. Such a change of mood was, of course, quite irrational: I merely record it as something that happened. Personally, I am glad that it did. It would seem rather inhuman to wish it otherwise, like regretting the merciful invention of chloroform. Anything that lightens the hard lot of common mortality is to be welcomed and accounted good. I have little patience with those superior persons who think otherwise.

Sunshine, fresh air and country quiet are certainly to be accounted such sweeteners of existence; as Dr. Johnson put it, for the bulk of mankind. Hundreds of thousands, probably millions, of folk went back to work on Easter Tuesday fitter and happier and better able to bear the buffets of the daily round as a result of two sunny and quiet days in the country. Watching many scores of them disporting themselves in walking couples or groups in a great park belonging to the National Trust some thirty miles from London, I could not help speculating on the hidden springs of that unaccountable thing, human happiness. And the old Bible story about the fall of Adam and Eve passed through my mind. "And the Lord God

That was the beginning of all their troubles and sorrows and of ours, their doomed successors. It must have been a great poet and a profound philosopher who wrote that ancient Genesis story.

The phantom of that far-off state of happy innocence when man walked with his Maker in the cool of the evening in the primeval garden has always haunted the minds of the spinners of Utopias. Rousseau was conscious of it when he wrote of the state of nature in which men and women were simple and good and happy because freed from the cruel shackles of law and custom and social habit. But the state of nature that the wild beasts still inherit—and inheriting are perhaps far happier than we—could offer no happiness to man as his nature is now compounded unless he could also find release from the knowledge of good and evil which the apple of that fatal tree brought to his first parents in the old age of the world. And the key to that release we do not possess and presumably can never find. Yet it is given us, in our troubled search for knowledge, to find moments of release when for a transient hour or two we can forget the cares of the conscious world and be happy as our fabulous ancestors were in the unreflecting enjoyment of the sun and air and the natural environment in which God created us.

THE NAVIES OF THE POWERS: THE THREE GREATEST

Specially Drawn for "The Illustrated



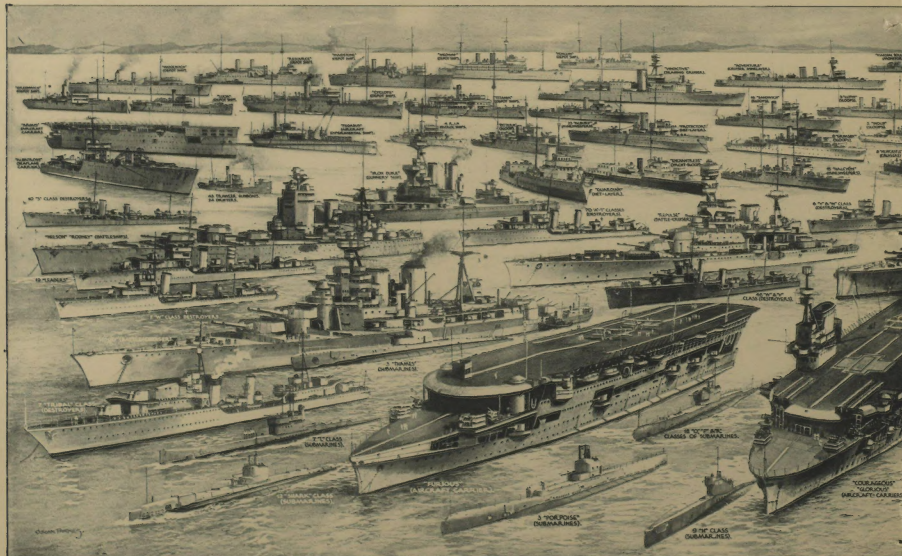
THE FRENCH NAVY: STRONG IN SUBMARINES AND IN POWERFUL CRUISERS AND LARGE DESTROYERS; A DRAWING THAT ALSO INCLUDES THE NEW CAPITAL SHIPS NOW BUILDING.

EUROPEAN FLEETS—BRITAIN, FRANCE AND ITALY—COMPARED.

LONDON NEWS" BY OSCAR PARKES, O.B.E.



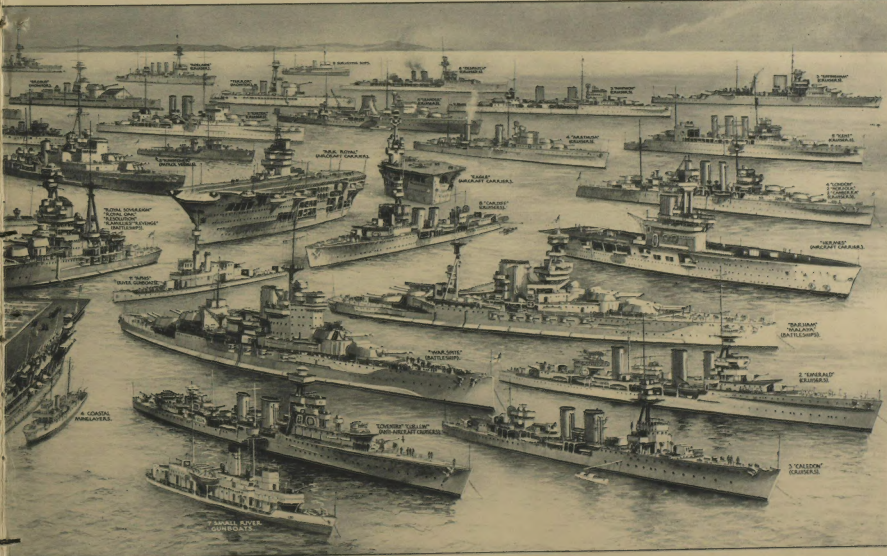
THE ITALIAN NAVY, WHICH PLANS TO POSSESS THE GREATEST ARRAY OF UNDERWATER CRAFT OF ANY SINGLE POWER; AND WITH A PLANNED FORCE OF EIGHT CAPITAL SHIPS.



THE BRITISH NAVY, STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER IN EUROPE, AND BETTER EQUIPPED WITH AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS AND CRUISERS THAN ANY OTHER IN THE WORLD: AN ARRAY OF

On these pages we illustrate for comparison the three largest navies in Europe. Great Britain still maintains her lead in capital ships, having twelve battle-ships and three battle-cruisers afloat (some of which, however, are in process of reconstruction) against France's seven, and Italy's four (though two of these, again, are in process of reconstruction). As regards the Mediterranean, there are normally no capital ships in France's Mediterranean Squadron, the

largest ships being 8-in.-gun cruisers, like the "Algérie," "Foch," and "Colbert." Italy has, of course, her two capital ships, plus such others as may have finished reconstruction and new vessels completed. The British Mediterranean Fleet at present consists of four battleships ("Warspite," "Barham," "Malaya," and "Ramillies"). Britain has, in all, six aircraft-carriers afloat (including one reconstructing); France has one of these ships, but Italy has



TYPE-VESSELS (INCLUDING THE NAVIES OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH), IMPOSING EVEN THOUGH NEW CAPITAL SHIPS AND AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS NOW BUILDING ARE NOT INCLUDED.

never built them, since the conformation of her coastline and Mediterranean possessions makes it generally possible for her Fleet to rely upon shore-based aircraft. It is in submarines that Italy has the preponderance, with some 67 vessels built and 36 building (total 123) as against the French figures of 77 and 24 (total 101) and the British 54 and 15 (total 69). Over fifty of the Italian submarines, however, are small vessels of a coastal or defensive

type—being under 600 tons displacement. Only thirty-four French submarines are under 600 tons surface displacement. In the British Navy the proportion of coastal submarines is even smaller, there being only twelve such boats afloat. The Italians have eight large "ocean-going" submarines of over 1000 tons surface displacement (plus some large mine-laying boats); the French have some forty ocean-going boats, and the Royal Navy over thirty.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

HYBRID PHEASANTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

SOME interesting hybrid pheasants, we are told, have, without design on the part of the authorities, just been produced in the gardens of the Zoological Society at Whipsnade. But, unfortunately, nothing is said of the nature of these hybrids. All the information given is that "some interesting pheasants" are now to be seen in the park, and that, apart from the Amherst pheasant—a species of great beauty—these include the "Kalij" pheasant and crossoptilons. Before they were liberated, it seems, advice was taken as to "whether they might interbreed," and assurance was given that they would not. But, nevertheless, they "have produced a hybrid family." This information, however, for those who cannot get to Whipsnade, merely excites a tantalising curiosity.

To begin with, all the pheasants of the genus *Gennæus*, to which the silver-pheasant belongs, are popularly called "Kalij" or "Kallege" pheasants, and they number more than a dozen species. Only four of these are, strictly speaking, entitled to be termed "Kalij" pheasants. And as the "Kalij" referred to here is described as "a dark greenish-coloured bird" it is probably one of these four. Has this bird mated with one of the crossoptilons and produced the hybrid family, or is it the Amherst, and not the crossoptilon, of which there are five species? In any case, that family will be well worth inspection as soon as its members have attained to full plumage.

The pheasants of the genus *Gennæus* are represented by seven well-marked species with a number of intermediate forms, or sub-species. Fixity of type in this genus is not very strongly developed. For, in the first place, its members seem to be very sensitive to climatic conditions. But though the four species of the Himalayan members of the genus come into

This proneness to hybridisation, however, is conspicuous among the gallinaceous birds, and this, too, often between genera only remotely related. Cases are on record of hybrids between capercaillie and black grouse, capercaillie and pheasant, black grouse and pheasant, black grouse and red grouse, and red grouse and bantam fowl, Amherst and golden-pheasant, and also between the guinea-fowl and the common fowl. I cannot, however, to my regret, lay my hands on definite statements as to which was the male

cross between the hen pheasant and the cock barn-door fowl should produce offspring, while the opposite cross yields no results? In so many cases the first cross may produce offspring, but these are always infertile, as, for example, in the case of the mule and hinny. But among wild species of game birds, as with the pheasant tribe, interspecific crosses are commonly fertile, both in the first cross and succeeding generations. Among the surface-feeding ducks, in captivity, interspecific crossing of an astonishingly wide range has been carried out. My old friend, the late J. L. Bonhote, carried on a long series of experiments of this kind, finally raising birds which combined, in one individual, the blood of no fewer than five wild species! Multiple hybrids of this kind are, however, exceptional. But they occur also among the mammals, as in a case on record where a hybrid between the gayer of India and an Indian humped cow was put to an American bison and produced a double hybrid calf.

It is much to be hoped that experiments will be made on the lines laid down years ago by the Abbé Mendel, and followed up with splendid results by his enthusiastic disciples, the "Mendelians," both here and in America. In so far as birds are concerned these experiments brought to light one most unexpected fact. Those who bought clutches of eggs of "blue Andalusian" fowls, from what were guaranteed pure-bred birds, always found that among the birds they bred from this stock one-half of each brood, instead of the uniform slate-grey, developed a white plumage, mixed with a few black feathers, a result which led to charges of bad faith against those who had sold the eggs. My old friend, the late Professor Bateson, took up this matter at his experimental station. He, too, purchased "pure-bred" stock, and with the



1. THE SILVER PHEASANT (*GENNÆUS NYCTHERIMUS*): A SPECIES WHICH, IN CAPTIVITY, CAN BE CROSSED READILY WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF ITS GENUS.

Though all the members of the genus *Gennæus* are commonly known as "Kalij" pheasants, the term properly applies only to four dark-coloured species. Crosses between the silver, Amherst, and golden-pheasant always produce fertile offspring.

Photographs by D. Seth-Smith.

parent in these crosses. The silver-pheasant (*Gennæus nyctherimus*) (Fig. 1) in captivity can be crossed readily with other species of its genus, as well as with the Amherst and golden-pheasant, producing fertile offspring. But there are some of the pheasant tribe which, apparently, never hybridise. The beautiful impeyan pheasant, or monaul (*Lophophorus*) (Fig. 3), and those singular and beautiful birds, the tragopans, or "horned" pheasants (Fig. 2), and the strange Bulwer's pheasant (*Bulwer's*) may be cited as cases in point.

The compromise, so to speak, made between conflicting elements in the coloration and ornamentation in the offspring of such hybrids is well worthy of note. In the cross between the red grouse and the bantam-cock, for example, the head was that of a grouse; there was no trace of the comb and face-wattles of *Gallus*; the plumage was grouse-like; the tail was longer than a grouse's tail should be and was carried low and not folded on itself. More conspicuous still were the legs, which were long, like those of a fowl, but showed no trace of spurs; instead, they were feathered all along down to the middle of the toes. Here, however, scales like those of a fowl formed their covering. In the cross between the guinea-fowl (*Numida*) and the common-fowl (*Gallus*) the hybrid showed neither helmet, comb, nor face-wattles. The Amherst and golden-pheasants are as strongly contrasted as any two species can be, but in their hybrid offspring the golden-pheasant is said to be dominant, but the ruff is white, as in the Amherst, while the crest resembles that of the golden species; it was not, however, yellow, as in this species, nor red, as in the Amherst, but of a brilliant range.

In many of these recorded crosses we are not told, as I have said, which was the male and which the female parent. It is stated, however, that a cross between the hen pheasant and a cock barn-door fowl can sometimes be successfully made. The result is worth noting, for the male offspring, on attaining maturity, displays the plumage of the cock pheasant—transmitted through the hen. But this is another of those tiresome records which leave so much unsaid that we want to know. We are left to assume that neither the comb nor the face-wattles of the female parent were reproduced. Why is it that the



2. ONE OF FIVE SPECIES WHICH HAVE RICHLY-COLOURED FLESHY "HORNS" ON EACH SIDE OF THE HEAD, ERECTED UNDER EXCITEMENT, AND BRILLIANTLY COLOURED FLESHY LOBES ON THE THROAT: TEMMINCK'S TRAGOPAN.

The Tragopans of the high forest-clad ranges of the Himalayas and China number five species. All have a pair of fleshy caruncles above the eyes, and a fleshy wattle at the throat. Temminck's Tragopan has blue "horns" and a deep-blue throat lappet barred with red. No hybrids are known.

touch in the extremes of their range, they never interbreed, or intergrade, with one another. Herein they stand in strong contrast with the black-bellied "Kalij," and silver-pheasants from South China, which are connected by a complete chain of closely similar geographical forms—so close, indeed, as to make hard and fast definitions of any of them in the series a matter of great difficulty. In captivity the members of this genus, if carefully nurtured, hybridise with great freedom, not merely with one another, but with very remotely related genera.

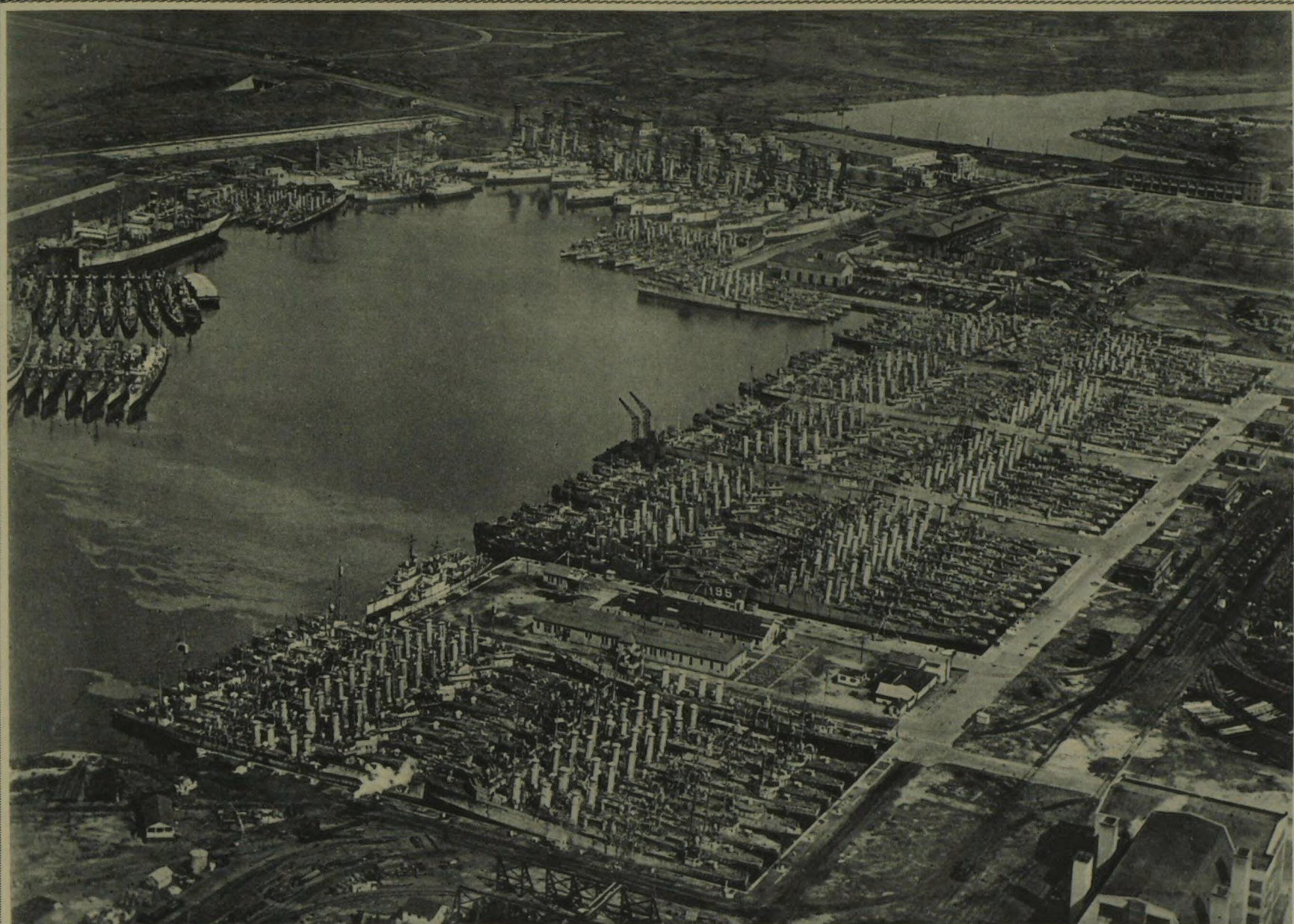


3. RENOWNED FOR ITS EXQUISITE METALLIC GREEN COLOURS, SHOT WITH VARIOUS BRILLIANT HUES ACCORDING TO THE LIGHT: THE "IMPEYAN PHEASANT" (*LOPHOPHORUS REFULGENS*).

The four species of Monaul-pheasants (*Lophophorus*), which are natives of the high forests of the Himalayas and West China, do not, apparently, hybridise. Formerly enormous numbers of the "Impeyan pheasant" were sent to this country every year for millinery purposes.

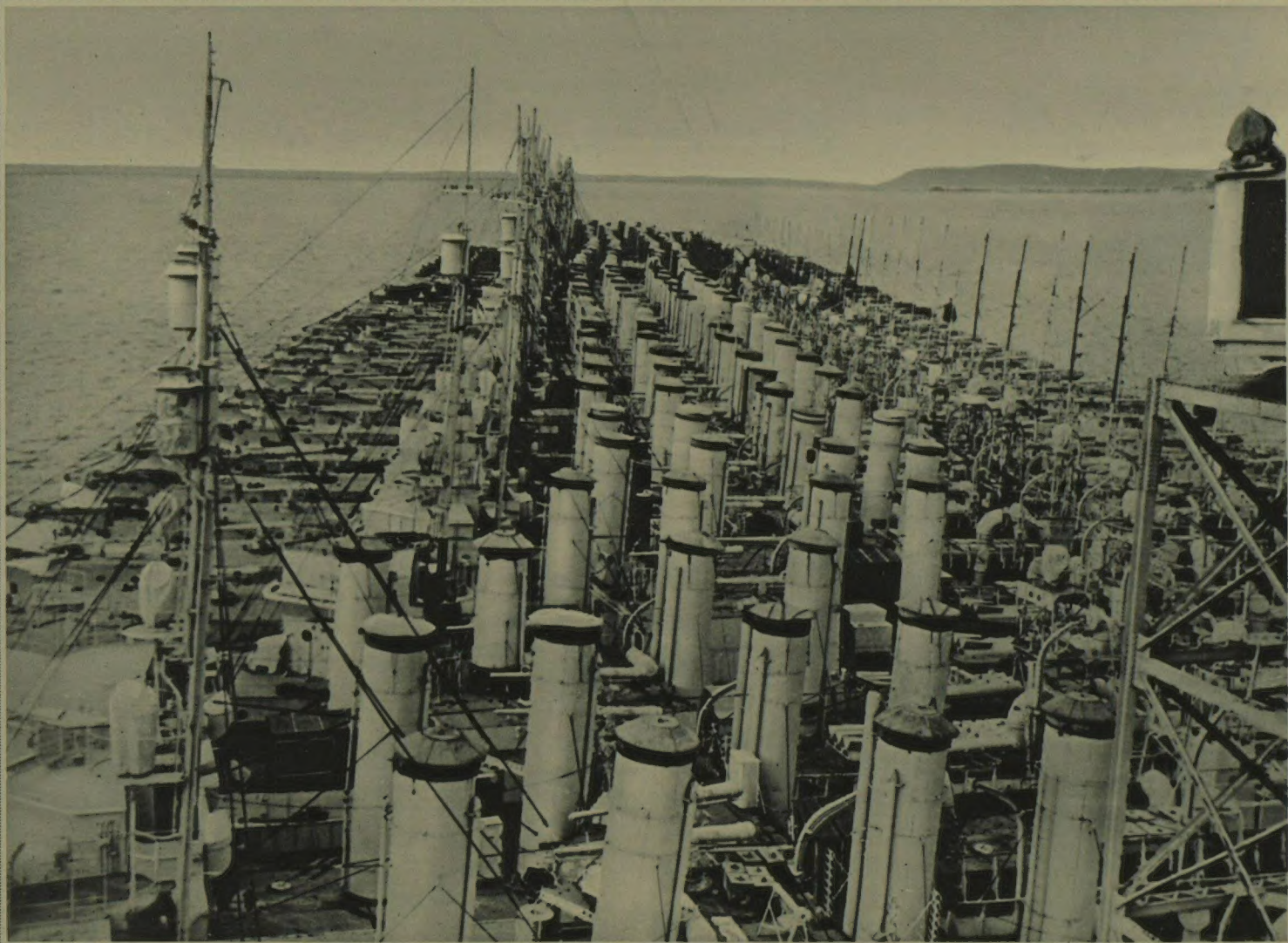
same results. But he soon found that, unknown to the "fanciers," Andalusians were hybrids derived from a black and a white stock. The coveted "slate-grey" coloration was due to "watering down," so to speak, the black pigment of one side of the ancestry with the depigmented, or "white," plumage of the other side. In such crosses he showed it was impossible to get more than half of each brood to repeat the slate coloration. Exactly why this should be I cannot now explain. Enough, however, I hope has been said to show that the study of hybrid birds is of more importance than has generally been supposed.

FROM "GRAVEYARD" TO NAVAL RESERVE: U.S. DESTROYERS RECONDITIONED.



A NAVAL "GRAVEYARD" OF REDUNDANT VESSELS WHICH MAY YET BE FOUND USEFUL AS A RESERVE FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1924, SHOWING DESTROYERS, BATTLESHIPS, AND TRANSPORTS LAID UP AFTER THE WAR. (Central Press.)

IT was officially stated on April 12 that the main body of the United States Fleet will be reviewed by Mr. Swanson, Secretary for the Navy, off the coast of Virginia on April 27. This will be the first large-scale review to be held for five years, and it is expected that some seventy ships will take part in it. Recently 160 warships were engaged in manœuvres in the Pacific and the Caribbean. This naval activity makes the accompanying photographs especially interesting. After the Great War a number of United States warships became redundant and were laid up at various ports as being of no further use. It has now been found that in an emergency some of these vessels could be put into service and the authorities have ordered them to be reconditioned. Our lower photograph shows forty-eight 1200-ton destroyers, which were laid up at San Diego, being overhauled and re-equipped to form a war reserve.



REDUNDANT SINCE THE GREAT WAR BUT NOW BEING PREPARED TO SERVE AS A RESERVE IN AN EMERGENCY: FORTY-EIGHT DESTROYERS, BUILT FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY IN THE WAR, UNDERGOING RECONDITIONING AT SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA. (Wide World.)

FROM THE ACROPOLIS TO THE MARTELLO TOWER.

"CASTLES": By **SIDNEY TOY, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A.***

An Appreciation by **SIR JOHN SQUIRE.**

TO most citizens the word "castle" suggests sight-seeing—noble piles or their ruins perched on cliffs, like Durham; or moated in flat lands, like Bodiam—and there is a strong subconscious idea that those who built them were mainly dominated by an eye for the picturesque. But castles were not thought of as adornments until they had ceased to be strictly castles. The very name betrays the nature of these buildings: it comes from the Latin *castellum*—a little camp. Castles, during the thousands of years with which Mr. Toy deals, were primarily strongholds. They were, incidentally and of necessity, dwelling-places as well, but nobody would live by choice in apartments lit by arrow-slits or loopholes for guns. The reader looking for beautiful photographs of majestic structures will certainly find some amongst the 166 illustrations in Mr. Toy's book. But, for the most part, he deals with ground-plans and sections. The history of fortification is his main interest, and his book is a technical treatise crowded with details drawn from many examples.

That every new form of attack breeds a new form of defence is a commonplace of history. The invention of gunpowder revolutionised fortification; the invention of high explosives has driven us to castles underground. But for long ages attack with missiles and machines conformed to much the same patterns, and for long ages structures for defence and protection, the harbouring of rulers and the standing of sieges, took much the same forms, evolved from the ramparts and ditches of prehistoric days. "From the earliest times," says Mr. Toy, "cities and palaces were surrounded by walls, often of enormous thickness and of great height; the walls being surmounted by walks with embattled parapets. Sometimes there were two, or even three lines of such walls, and a palace or citadel within the innermost line; as in the cities of the Hittites in Asia Minor. Some ancient fortifications, remains of which still stand, or have been uncovered by modern excavation, date from periods so remote and attain such degrees of perfection that, at present, it is not possible to assign the elements of the science to any definite age. . . . When these defences stood upon a plain, as at Babylon, they were surrounded by a moat. When on a hill, as at Mycenæ and Tiryns, the approach was by way of a ramp which was commanded by a tower at the head, and exposed to close attack from the walls. The gateways were often a great width and height, and flanked by towers. Sometimes, as at Mycenæ and Troy, they were defended by a long approach, under attack from the walls on both sides. In the walls at Atchana there is a triple gateway; at Mycenæ and Tiryns

by cross-chambers." Whencesoever Mr. Toy draws his examples—and he has travelled very widely for this book—there is a strong family resemblance in the buildings he describes. They tended to conform to type, both in main outlines and in detail, their purpose everywhere being the same. They were (whatever amenities may have been allowed, as standards of comfort rose, to creep into

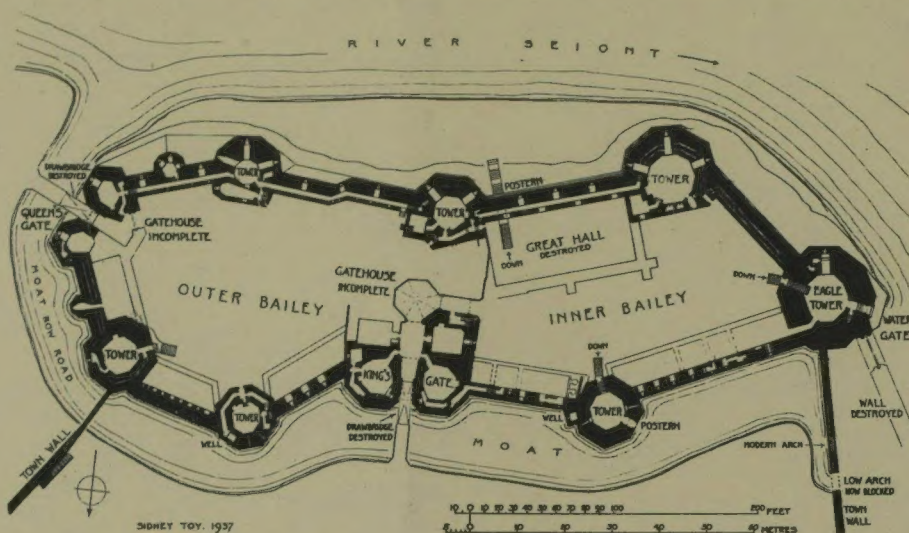
erected; and, owing to the scarcity of water, Herod provided an extensive system of rock-cut cisterns, which were excavated in various parts of the enclosure and provided the fortress with an abundant water-supply." The keep had ninety-foot towers at each corner, and the inner court was sumptuously decorated. Another feature comes as more of a surprise. "Not knowing what the future might

have in store for him, Herod built Masada as a safe and impregnable retreat where he, and such forces as he could collect, would be able to hold out against almost any odds. With this contingency in view, he not only made the lavish provision for the water-supply noted above, but also laid in vast stores of corn, wine, oil, pulse, dates, and other fruits. In storing these commodities, Herod's servants must have been in possession of preservative methods since lost; for the provisions, when discovered A.D. 70, nearly a hundred years later, were said by Josephus to be quite fresh and good." It was only the other day, when I came across the fact that, in the Middle Ages, Bristol fishermen were bringing home cod for Friday's dinner from the coasts of Iceland, that I wondered why one of our chilled-meat magnates does not endow a History of Preservatives. I don't think it has been done—unless for the purely scientific public.

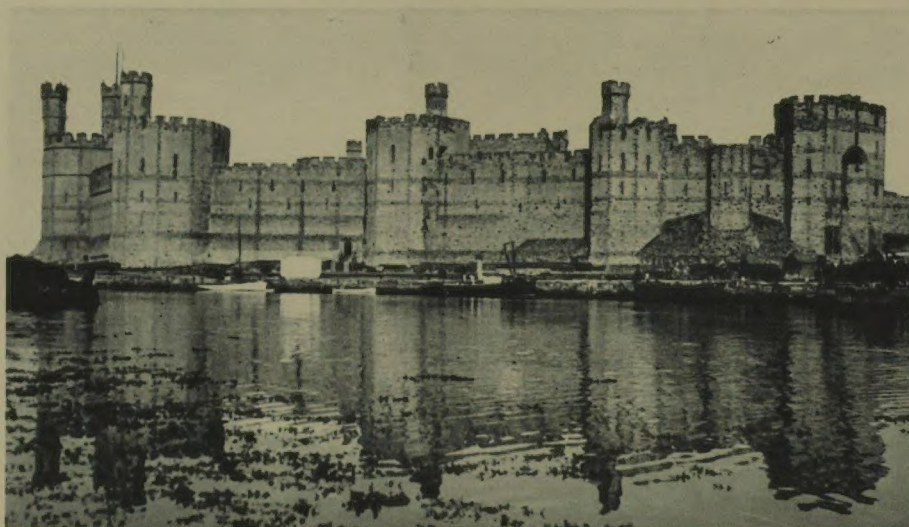
From every point of view, our British castles rank with the finest. Caernarvon, perhaps, is the king of them all, both from the military point of view (which inspired its erection) and from the spectacular, which is that of most people to-day. Had it not been for that unfortunate episode of the Civil War, many more of them would be standing still in their majesty. That war came at the wrong time for the castles. They tempted to defence; they were vulnerable to the latest artillery; they were sufficient of a nuisance as to lead their captors to destroy them.

Mr. Toy stops at 1600. "The pursuit of the further development of forts, with their complicated systems of casemates and outworks, is beyond the scope of this work, and belongs properly to a special field of study." The Art of War had given a great leap. Herod and Cœur-de-Lion might have exchanged castles and still felt at home; the devices of Vauban would have bewildered them. Already, before the end of Mr. Toy's period, "castles" were being built with only a half-memory of their original purpose; another couple of centuries and the "romance" of the old castles was tempting emulators to try to recover it with flimsy walls and all modern conveniences.

The publishing of this book in a pocket edition would render useful service to the curious tourist. There is much to be learnt from it; even such facts that, in spite of general



THE PLAN OF CAERNARVON CASTLE; SHOWING THE SYSTEM OF TOWERS STANDING ASTRIDE THE WALLED WALK.



ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF MEDIEVAL MILITARY ART: CAERNARVON CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

their inner parts), in the modern jargon, as strictly "functional" as a front-line trench, and necessary modifications spread rapidly from one country to another. In various parts of the world, castles bore a

kinship when other branches of architecture were most widely diversified.

The description of the great castle which Herod the Great built on a hill near the Dead Sea might roughly stand for a building of a thousand years later. "The hill is precipitous on all sides, and the fortress on the top is inaccessible except by a narrow path which winds sinuously up on the west. The plateau on the crown is roughly egg-shaped, having its major axis, about a third of a mile long, running north and south. Herod surrounded the whole plateau by a stone wall, about 12 feet thick by 18 feet high, and strengthened by thirty-eight

towers, 75 feet high, and arranged at intervals along the curtain. On the western side of the enclosure, commanding the path of approach, he built a strong palace or keep; and on the path itself, some distance down the hill from the fortress, he built a tower as an advance post. Within the fortress, numerous dwellings and other buildings were



PROBABLY BUILT BETWEEN 1245-1259, WHEN NEARLY £2000 WAS EXPENDED ON THE CASTLE: THE QUATREFOIL-SHAPED KEEP OF CLIFFORD'S TOWER, YORK, FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

Photographs reproduced from "Castles"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, William Heinemann, Ltd.

double gateways were built; and later, as at Khorsabad, the gateways were of massive proportions, and the passages through them were of great length and were intersected



DEFENCE IN ROMAN BRITAIN: THE INTERIOR OF THE MULTANGULAR TOWER, YORK: SHOWING THE REMAINS OF THE CROSS-WALL, BUILT TO SUPPORT THE UPPER FLOOR AND THE MILITARY ENGINE MOUNTED UPON IT.

At York, a large polygonal tower, or bastion, was built at each of the west and south corners of the curtain. The lower part of that at the west corner, the Multangular tower, is now surmounted by a medieval storey. Here the projection is so great that an engine mounted on the tower would have a lateral sweep, outside the walls, of more than three-quarters of a circle.

and tenacious belief, every underground chamber in a "Donjon Keep" was not necessarily a "dungeon-cell" where prisoners were kept chained to pillars in the company of toads and rats with whom they shared their frugal meals.

* "Castles": A Short History of Fortification from 1600 B.C. to A.D. 1600. By Sidney Toy, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 25s.)



LEAVING THE RANGE AFTER SEEING A DEMONSTRATION OF FIRING WITH ANTI-TANK RIFLES: THEIR MAJESTIES PASSING ONE OF THE WEAPONS. (Planet.)

THEIR MAJESTIES' INTEREST IN THE ARMY'S WEAPONS: THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND.



THEIR MAJESTIES INSPECT A CAMOUFLAGED ANTI-TANK GUN POSITION: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE QUEEN LOOKING THROUGH THE GUN-SIGHT. (Planet.)

ON April 13 the King and Queen visited the Aldershot Command to witness demonstrations of new weapons and of the most modern methods of training. Their Majesties also inspected the new Guadaloupe Barracks at Bordon. In the morning their Majesties went to Gold Hill, Kingsley, where they saw the 3rd Infantry Brigade and attached troops repel an attack on a modern defensive position. In this exercise Bren guns, heavy machine-guns, anti-tank rifles, anti-tank guns, 25-pounders and 60-pounders took part, and afterwards the King and Queen inspected the strategic positions of the various weapons. Her Majesty was especially interested in the anti-tank rifle and asked the men operating it to explain the mechanism to her. The new methods of camouflage—green netting, bearing strips of green and brown material, suspended over gun-pits and steel helmet covers of sacking in which bracken and other plants can be inserted—also interested the King and Queen, and they were shown an aerial photograph of the ground covered by the exercise which illustrated the difficulty of spotting the defensive positions from the air. In the afternoon their Majesties went to the ranges at Ash Vale, where they saw field-firing by Bren guns and heavy machine-guns.



A 60-POUNDER GUN IN ACTION AND CAMOUFLAGED BY NETTING BEARING STRIPS OF GREEN AND BROWN MATERIAL: A DEMONSTRATION WITNESSED BY THE KING AND QUEEN. (A.P.)



HIDDEN FROM GROUND AND AERIAL OBSERVATION BY MEANS OF NETTING AND SHRUBS: A 60-POUNDER GUN IN ACTION DURING THE EXERCISE ARRANGED FOR THE ROYAL VISIT. (A.P.)



GUNNERS WEARING GREEN AND BROWN SACKING OVER THEIR STEEL HELMETS IN WHICH TWIGS CAN BE INSERTED. (P.N.A.)

THE MODERN TERRITORIAL ARMY: RECRUITING, TRAINING AND EQUIPMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS



"COME ON THE FIRST 250,000": YOUNG MEN DESIRING TO JOIN THE LONDON IRISH RIFLES INTERVIEWING A RECRUITING SERGEANT.



TAKING THE OATH AFTER BEING PASSED AS FIT BY THE MEDICAL OFFICER: RECRUITS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LONDON IRISH.



THE TERRITORIAL ARMY'S NEW EQUIPMENT: LIEUT.-COLONEL J. R. J. MACNAMARA, M.P., INSTRUCTING THE CREW IN THE HANDLING OF A BREN GUN CARRIER.



TRAINING IN THE FIELD: AN OFFICER READING A MESSAGE TAKEN DOWN BY A SIGNALLING "SPECIALIST" USING A FULLERPHONE RECEIVER.



PREPARING FOR PARADE: RECRUITS DRAWING THEIR RIFLES FROM THE ARMOURY, SHOWING EACH WEAPON WITH ITS CLEANING MATERIALS IN READINESS.



THE LONDON IRISH IN CAMP: KIT INSPECTION IN THE HUTS WHERE THE MEN WERE QUARTERED AS GUESTS OF THE IRISH GUARDS.



A LECTURE ON THE BREN GUN: A SQUAD BEING SHOWN DIAGRAMS OF THE COMPONENT PARTS OF THE LIGHT MACHINE-GUN.

On March 29 the Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons that the Territorial Field Army, which was then on a peace establishment of 130,000 men, would be raised forthwith to war establishment and then doubled in numbers and would, therefore, be allotted an establishment of 340,000 men. In a speech at Bermondsey on March 31 the Secretary of State for War recalled that only a few weeks previously he had stated on behalf of the Government that six Regular divisions and thirteen Territorial divisions were being prepared, equipped and trained for service in Europe. He said that the new programme meant that

thirteen more Territorial divisions were to be created and he ended his appeal for recruits with the call, "Come on the first 250,000." The response to this challenge to voluntary effort was immediate and many units are now up to war establishment and recruiting for their second line. In order to show the interesting training which the recruit to the Territorial Army now undergoes, we give here and on the following pages photographs of the London Irish Rifles—as a typical infantry unit—taken at the regiment's headquarters and during the Easter camp held at Pirbright. Recruits between the ages of eighteen and thirty-eight are

[Continued opposite.

THE MODERN TERRITORIAL ARMY: TRAINING WITH THE BREN GUN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS.



"PREPARED, EQUIPPED AND TRAINED FOR SERVICE IN EUROPE": THE LONDON IRISH RIFLES PRACTISING WITH THEIR BREN LIGHT MACHINE-GUNS, WHICH HAVE SUPERSEDED THE LEWIS GUN, ON THE RANGES AT FIRBRIGHT, WHILE IN CAMP AS GUESTS OF THE IRISH GUARDS.



THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE LONDON IRISH RIFLES INSPECTING THE PARADE BEFORE A DEMONSTRATION OF BREN GUN FIRING WAS GIVEN ON THE RANGES: LIEUT.-COLONEL J. R. J. MACNAMARA, M.P., WITH CAPTAIN REIDY, PASSING DOWN THE RANKS OF THE BATTALION AT FIRBRIGHT.

Continued.
accepted on first enlistment and they engage to serve for four years with the option of re-engagement. Men who, by reason of departure abroad, etc., cannot complete their engagement may be released on special grounds. In the first year the recruit must be present at forty drills (forty hours) and subsequently as a trained man is only required to do twenty drills. The annual camp lasts for fifteen days, but men who cannot attend for the full period may do eight days and ten extra drills in the year. There is a canteen at headquarters where those coming straight from their work can obtain a snack before their drill;

while sporting activities include boxing, football, and athletics. A dance is held every Saturday and there is an annual dinner which the whole battalion attends. Among the subjects dealt with during the drill periods are shooting and Bren gun work, anti-gas training, grenade training, map-reading, and tactical schemes on sand-table models. There are also miniature-range competitions. The London Irish will be one of the units taking part in a display by a Motorised Division of the Territorial Army at the Royal Tournament in Olympia next month. This will be the first public appearance of one of these new formations.

THE MODERN TERRITORIAL ARMY—NOW INFANTRY BATTALION TRAINING WITH

DOUBLING ITS ESTABLISHMENT: A TYPICAL MORTARS; BREN GUNS AND CARRIERS.

THE London Irish Rifles, the Royal Ulster Rifles, was one of the units of volunteer infantry which were formed during the great movement for national defence in 1859. It is now worthily playing its part in the programme of expansion announced by Mr. Chamberlain, whereby the Territorial Army is to be brought up to war establishment and its numbers then doubled, for the battalion has passed war strength and is now forming its second line. An average of from twenty to thirty men are applying each day to join the ranks. The London Irish wear as head-dress the "caubeen" with a tassel and the regiment's badge—the harp and crown—a distinction awarded to them some two years ago by the War Office. The regiment served in South Africa, 1900-02, and during the Great War raised three battalions. It especially distinguished itself at Festubert and at Loos, where the London Irish advanced across "No Man's Land" kicking a football before them. The battle honours include "Somme, 1916," "15," "Messines, 1917," "Ypres, 1917," "Cambrai, 1917," "Gaza," "Jerusalem," and

(Continued opposite)

Continued.
"Palestine, 1917-18." The London Irish Rifles have introduced day-training at their headquarters, the Duke of York's headquarters in Chelsea, for recruits who are unable to attend drills at night. The squad consists mainly of actors, journalists and other night-workers, and it is hoped to be able to expand this detachment to a battalion. Nowadays the recruit finds his training most interesting, for after the preliminary squad drills he receives instruction in the handling of the Bren gun; the heavy Vickers machine-gun, the anti-tank rifle, and the 3-in. mortar. While, if he joins the headquarters wing, he can become a "specialist" in one of several activities which include piping, drumming, bugling, signalling, horsemanship, and driving and maintaining mechanical transport. A further inducement to the mechanically-minded to join an infantry battalion are the new Bren gun carriers, which are now being issued to the Territorial Army. They resemble a light tank and are designed to bring the Bren gun quickly into action. If necessary the weapon can be detached from the carrier for use on the ground.



THE LONDON IRISH RIFLES IN CAMP AT FERRISBURGH: A SQUAD RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN THE HANDLING OF A 3-IN. BREXEN MORTAR.



FIELD EXERCISES: LIEUT-COLONEL J. R. J. MACNAMARA, M.P., THE COMMANDING OFFICER, DISCUSSING A TACTICAL PROBLEM WITH HIS OFFICERS.



COMMUNICATION IN THE FIELD: LONDON IRISH SIGNALLERS USING FLASH-LAMPS TO TRANSMIT MESSAGES IN MORSE CODE DURING EXERCISES AT FERRISBURGH.



MAP-READING: A SQUAD LEARNING HOW TO FIND THEIR WAY IN UNFAMILIAR COUNTRY AND TO LOCATE PLACES FROM GIVEN REFERENCE POINTS.

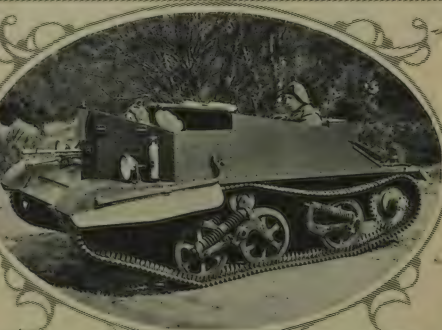


A TERRITORIAL UNIT WHICH HAS REACHED WAR ESTABLISHMENT AND IS NOW STEADILY MARCHING INTO CAMP AT FERRISBURGH RECENTLY.

RECRUITING FOR ITS SECOND LINE: THE LONDON IRISH RIFLES, THE ROYAL ULSTER RIFLES, HEADED BY THEIR DRUMS AND PIPES.



THE INFANTRYMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ROLE AND A SEVERE TEST OF HIS MORALE: A RIFLE SECTION ADVANCING TO THE ASSAULT WITH FIXED BAYONETS.



THE MECHANICAL SHOT OF AN INFANTRYMAN'S TRAINING: LONDON IRISH LEARNING TO DRIVE THE NEW BREXEN GUN CARRIER NOW ON ISSUE TO TERRITORIALS.

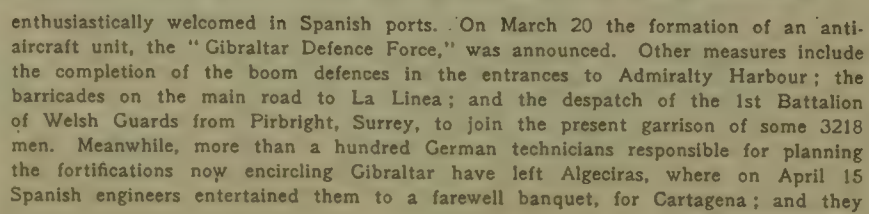


THE CHIEF FIRE-POWER UNIT OF AN INFANTRY BATTALION: A BREXEN GUN SECTION PRACTISING WITH THEIR WEAPONS AT HEADQUARTERS.



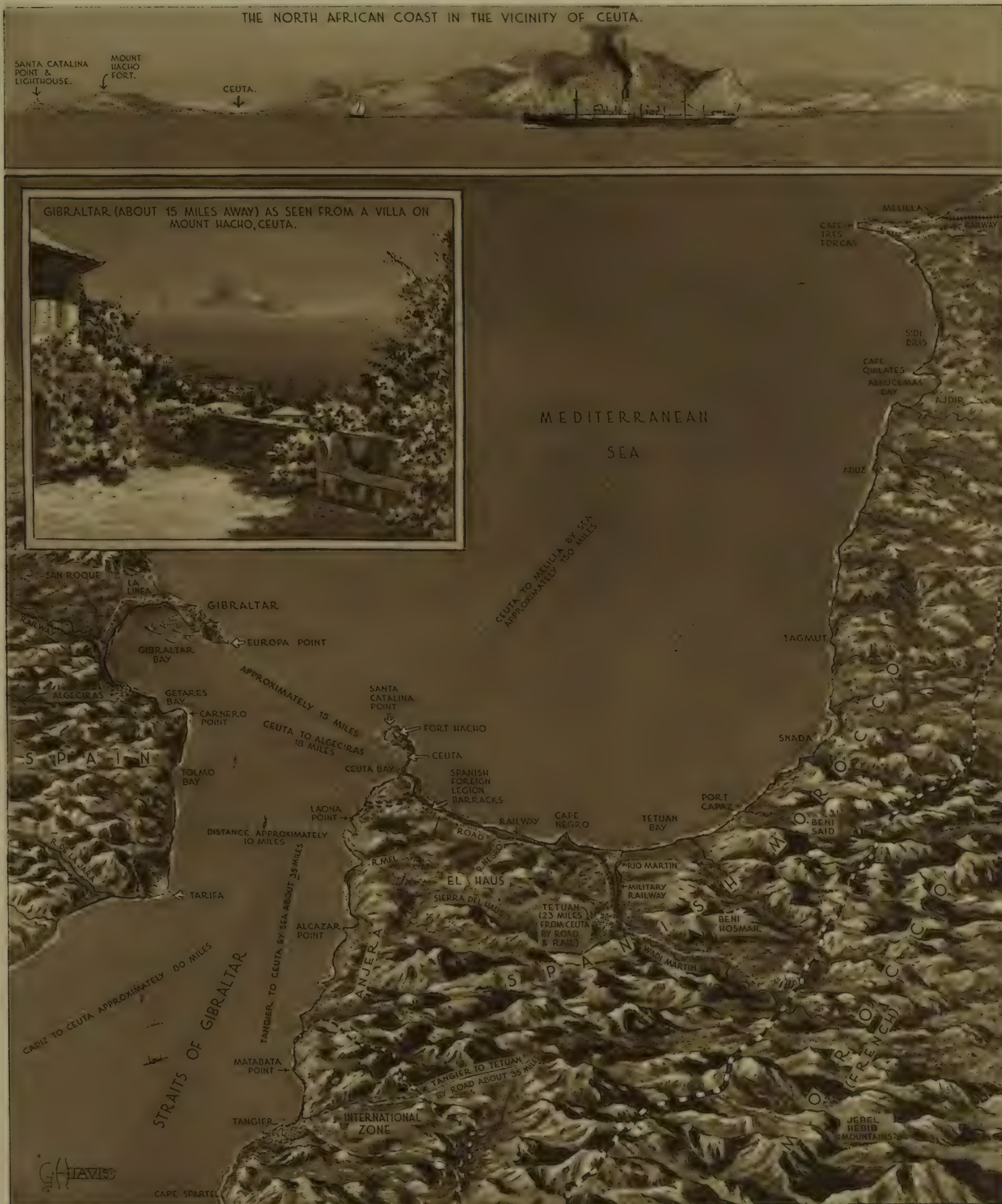
A FEATURE OF THE TERRITORIALS' TRAINING IN THE USE OF HIS WEAPONS: LONDON IRISH MARKSMEN SHOOTING ON THE MINIATURE RANGE AT HEADQUARTERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



GIBRALTAR AND MOROCCO; NOW THE SUBJECT OF DISTURBING REPORTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS.



THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR LOOKING EAST: A PICTORIAL MAP SHOWING SPANISH MOROCCO, WHERE REPORTS ARE CURRENT OF HURRIED FIELD FORTIFICATIONS UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF FOREIGN TECHNICIANS.

Continued.
are reported to be now planning fortifications for Spain's Mediterranean coastline. Following closely on the despatch of the French military and air attachés to Gibraltar, French warships, in all making the largest French fleet to be seen off Gibraltar for many years, began on April 16 to arrive. Nor does the inspired Axis Press help to ease the situation. Thus in the "Boersen Zeitung" of April 13, the German Army officer, Colonel von Xylander, writes: "From the Western Powers Spain has never received her due. Britain's possession of Gibraltar and France's predominant position in Morocco are symbolic

of the attitude of these two countries. Spain, in alliance with those Powers who act for world peace, can remove that great injustice by barring entry into the Mediterranean of a Power which does not dwell there." News, too, has reached Paris of the hasty construction of field fortifications—under the supervision of foreign technicians—in the Spanish zone of Morocco. Meanwhile, the date of the Victory Parade in Madrid has again been postponed: it is not until after this parade, in which the Duce's troops are to play a leading rôle, that the repatriation of Italians in Spain, as stipulated by the Anglo-Italian Agreement, is to begin.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN these days, books bearing

on the European situation demand early notice because of their topicality, although most of us, reviewers and readers alike, would probably be only too thankful if the present state of affairs could be relegated to the limbo of Situations Vacant. The trouble is that some people are more interested in Situations Required. Two books which I have felt it my duty to peruse of late deal respectively with internal conditions in Germany and the imperialistic ambitions of Italy. Fortunately, these books are not entirely political, but have much interest also as travel stories, and as studies of life and character.

Since at the moment of writing the Roman end of the Berlin-Rome Axis has been tilted uppermost, I will begin with a book relating largely to Italian proceedings in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, namely, "THE RIDDLE OF ARABIA." By Ladislav Farago. With 31 Illustrations (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.). I have found this book very instructive and, in its lighter moments, entertaining. My only grumble against it is that it has no index, and that the author does not begin by a preliminary explanation of his credentials or the object of his journey. One gathers very soon, however, that he is a journalist with much experience as a "roving foreign correspondent." His previous works were "Abyssinia on the Eve" and "Palestine on the Eve," and he also edited "Abyssinia Stop Press." The present volume is mainly concerned with alleged Italian plans for the invasion of the Yemen, in Southern Arabia, and he confidently expects that some day Signor Mussolini, with that end in view, will emulate Moses by crossing the Red Sea.

Having no means of checking the accuracy of the author's statements regarding Italian policy, I must allow him to speak for himself. Thus, for example, he writes: "In Rome I found out about Italy's plans for the coming years. It was no secret in Rome that Mussolini was not content with his success in Ethiopia. He was determined to continue a policy of expansion. That was what he meant when he said at Milan in December 1936: 'The Abyssinian campaign is over; but a great deal more remains to be done.' Abyssinia is regarded as only one constituent in Il Duce's Roman Empire. He means to expand that Empire by the addition of other countries. His adviser informed him that the independent, untouched kingdom of Yemen would be easy prey."

Some British administrators, it seems, have visualised Anglo-Italian co-operation in the Red Sea. Thus, referring to Colonel Harold F. Jacob, at one time Political Secretary of the Aden Administration, Mr. Farago says: "When in 1922 Colonel Jacob generously quoted Cymbeline, King of Britain, saying, 'Let a Roman and a British ensign wave friendly together,' Italy was a betrayed and terror-stricken power, too impotent to endanger British interests. To-day, Italy is an expanding power with far-sighted and clever political methods. . . . She has learned from England the valuable lesson that ten secret agents are often more successful and always cheaper than ten battalions. It appears that the Yemen will provide an early test of this theory. In her long-range enterprise Italy recently was joined by a willing sleeping-partner—Japan. Nippon is mainly interested in keeping the British Fleet busy in the Mediterranean and in the Red Sea and away from Hongkong, Singapore and Chinese and Dutch East Indian waters."

Unlike most British writers about Arabia and the Arabs, Mr. Farago adversely criticises the late Colonel F. E. Lawrence: "It is the tragedy of British politics on the Arabian Peninsula," he writes, "that Britons stationed in Arabia during and after the war could not agree on the person most deserving of Britain's protection and friendship. Lawrence favoured Hussein, King of the Hejaz, and succeeded in getting the full patronage of Downing Street for him. Colonel Jacob advocated Imam Yahya (the veteran ruler of the Yemen), with no success at all. The late Sir Percy Cox, the greatest authority on this part of the world, and Philby, selected Ibn Saud as their man, and events proved these two men right. . . . Those who see what has become of Lawrence's 'revolt in the desert' realise that his politics lacked the seven pillars of wisdom. He was a young enthusiast with somewhat amateurish political aims, a dreamer who went astray in the spiritual labyrinth of the desert and was never able to find his way out. From a literary point of view he is

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

a great man; but he is a great man only as a writer. As a politician and as a diplomat, he failed. Spending millions in gold cultivating a friendship with Hussein, who was so weak that he was unable to make an impressive stand, even with Britain's protection behind him, was a mistake for which the British Empire is still paying heavily."

Quite the most attractive book, pictorially, that I have so far come across about Southern Arabia is "SEEN IN THE HADHRAMAUT." By Freya Stark. With 130 Plates from the author's Photographs (Murray; 21s.). There has also been issued a limited edition of 25 signed copies of this work, with a portrait of the author, at £2 2s. Miss Stark is, of course, well known alike as traveller, author, and photographer. Her work is familiar to our



RODNEY, WHOSE EPOCH-MAKING VICTORY AT THE SAINTS IN 1782, IS COMMEMORATED IN A SPECIAL EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH: A PORTRAIT OF THE GREAT ADMIRAL, PAINTED IN THE LAST YEAR OF HIS LIFE, BY J. L. MOSNIER.

The Rodney exhibition at the National Maritime Museum is intended specially to commemorate the victory won by Rodney at the Saints in 1782, which not only marked the opening of a new epoch in naval warfare, and anticipated the tactical methods of Howe, St. Vincent, and Nelson, but was also a turning-point in the war of American Independence, and saved the West Indian possessions at a time when Britain's fortunes looked very black. J. L. Mosnier (1743-1808), the painter of this portrait, was a French artist who migrated to London in the early years of the French Revolution. Added interest is lent to this work by the minuteness with which it renders the naval uniform of the period.

Reproductions by Courtesy of the National Maritime Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

readers, her last contribution being an illustrated article on the Hadhramaut in our issue of February 4. I remember enjoying a previous book of hers relating mostly, I think, to experiences in Baghdad. In the present volume, of course, the principal feature is the series of incomparable photographs, showing native types and many examples of the wonderful local architecture. Despite the author's contention that no one wants to read introductions to "picture books," I am very glad that, as she recalls, her publisher "proved impervious to reason" and insisted on an expansion of the very brief preface which she had originally provided. The added account of the Hadhramaut and its people is extremely interesting.

In this essay, Miss Stark does not dwell on international politics, and I see no mention of sinister Italian activities. There may be a veiled reference thereto in a passage

where she suggests

that British policy at Aden might be more active. "Partly," she writes, "out of a natural regard for other people's customs, partly out of a liking—which I share—for old and different ways, and chiefly, perhaps, because of the parsimony of the Treasury, we have been apt to confine ourselves to the strict minimum required by the conditions of our tenure, and by so doing have frequently alienated the young and so-called 'progressive' people who are out for change: progress they will have, and if they do not get it from us, they will try to get it from our next-door neighbour, who is only too ready to offer it in the most rosy light. We are gradually being forced to give to such people whose King, after all, is our King, the assistance which they have been quietly longing for for years—roads, schools, water, the general apparatus, in fact, of modern comfort; it is a pity that this should so often at home be considered as an oppression of native races. Our public opinion indeed might frequently be taken for a mere echo of foreign propaganda."

In other respects, however, Miss Stark finds reason to praise the British administration. "In 1937," she recalls, "an Order in Council more clearly defined the position of the Aden Protectorate with those parts of Arabia in 'treaty relations,' and in the same year, Mr. Harold Ingrams was sent from Aden as Resident Adviser to Mukalla. The improvement which has come over the condition of the Hadhramaut in the short time since his arrival is due to the introduction of peace into the land. The system of truces, which existed in a tentative form before, was extended, and now covers and preserves almost the whole country. It is not obligatory, but its advantages soon became so obvious that one small ruler after another asked to join; over thirteen hundred had signed before I left the country in March this year [1938]. The truce is an old Arabian system, and one of the many points of similarity which these lands bear with feudal Europe. . . . The sole way to make this new concord really effective, however, was to punish any infringement, and this could be done only with the Air Force: the combination of such a modern invention with a system centuries old has created an effective peace in the Hadhramaut probably for the first time since the disappearance of its ancient prosperity before the coming of Islam."

It may be that by the time this article appears, the German end of the Berlin-Rome Axis will have thrust itself into prominence again. If so, topicality will belong likewise to an excellent book in which an American woman, married to an Englishman, describes experiences during recent years in Germany. The book is called "REACHING FOR THE STARS." By Nora Waln (The Cresset Press; 8s. 6d.). Unfortunately there are no illustrations, though the absence of portraits is, of course, intelligible, as they might have brought trouble on the sitters. Mrs. Waln had previously spent some years in China, which inspired her successful book, "The House of Exile." She went to Germany, it seems, without any political motive,

intending there to complete another work on the Great Wall of China, while her husband pursued his interest in music. The Chinese book had to be postponed, however, because events in Germany proved too engrossing. On their very first day, motoring through Godesberg, they learnt that Herr Hitler had stayed there the previous night, and had shown signs of great agitation. A few days later, from the English papers, they learnt of the Nazi "Party purge" which had just taken place.

Mrs. Waln lived in Germany for four years, from 1934, observing the people and trying to understand the spirit of Nazi-ism.

"Although," we are told, "she is a Quaker and a pacifist, and did not attempt to conceal her views, she became intimate with many of the leading officials of the party. But . . . it is not of the great that she writes; rather [she gives] a complete picture of the way in which Nazi-ism affects the ordinary people. She records with sympathy and truth what she has seen and heard. She saw much that was good, and it is faithfully recorded, but she saw too how dictatorship has corrupted a peace-loving people, how fear has made the old subservient, and propaganda has made blind partisans of the young. Yet she feels that there is a real hope for the future, and that revolt will come from within." The author herself, discussing her book, says: "Its purpose is to help understanding between Germans and people who live outside the *Drille*"

(Continued on page 664.)



RODNEY'S MUNIMENT CHEST, KEPT BY HIM IN HIS CABIN: A MOST INTERESTING PERSONAL RELIC EXHIBITED AT GREENWICH, THE FRENCH COATS OF ARMS AND WEST INDIAN WOOD SUGGESTING THAT IT WAS A TROPHY OF WAR.

A.-A. GUNS DEMONSTRATED; AND A ROYAL VISIT TO A BALLOON CENTRE.



A DEMONSTRATION OF THE LATEST TYPE OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN AT THE WAR OFFICE EXPERIMENTAL ESTABLISHMENT, SHOEBOURNE: A 3.7-IN. GUN IN ACTION, WITH THE PREDICTOR AND HEIGHT-FINDER IN THE BACKGROUND.



THEIR MAJESTIES VISIT THE R.A.F. BALLOON CENTRE AT HOOK: THE KING EXAMINING THE BALLOON FILLING-CONTROL EQUIPMENT. (Planet.)

On April 16 the King and Queen, accompanied by a large party which included Princess Helena Victoria, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Chamberlain and the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Kennedy, drove from Windsor to inspect No. 2 Balloon Centre at Hook, Surrey. Their Majesties saw the instructional shops, the balloon store and tender sheds, and witnessed a demonstration of raising and lowering the balloons and the method of handling them on the

A demonstration of the 3.7-in. A.-A. gun was given at the War Office Experimental Establishment, Shoeburyness, on April 17. The above photograph shows the gun in action, with the predictor and height-finder in the background. The 3.7-in. gun is a mobile weapon which can be towed by a tractor at speeds up to 30 m.p.h. If necessary, the wheels of the gun can be taken off, and the weapon then operates as a fixed-position piece. The gun fires a 28-lb. shell with an operational rate of fire of fifteen rounds per minute, and the muzzle velocity enables raiders to be engaged at a height of 40,000 ft. (Central Press.)

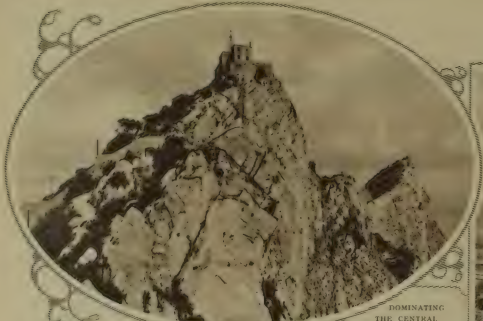


THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA (RIGHT), INSPECTING THE APPARATUS USED WITH THE BALLOONS: HIS MAJESTY EXAMINING A PURITY INDICATOR. (P.N.A.)

ground. On the flying-ground the King and Queen watched a balloon being inflated and winches in operation and saw a flight of No. 905 squadron in full war kit, ready to move off to their action stations with their winch-lorries and tenders carrying the gas-cylinders. Their Majesties were especially interested in the apparatus used in connection with the balloons and examined the leak detector, purity indicator and the filling-controls.

A BRITISH NAVAL STRONGHOLD VARIOUS ASPECTS OF THE

FOR MORE THAN TWO CENTURIES: FAMOUS ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.



DOMINATING
THE CENTRAL
PART OF
GIBRALTAR:
THE OLD SIGNAL
STATION, ITS NAME
"EL HAKKI"
("THE HURRY"),
RECALLING THE
FORMER DRAGON.



A VIEW OVERLOOKING THE ALAMEDA GARDENS, AROUND WHICH LAND, ONCE FORTY
FEET UNDER WATER, HAS BEEN RECLAIMED: SHOWING WARSHIPS OF THE BRITISH FLEET



THE NARROW MAIN STREET OF GIBRALTAR, WITH MOST
OF THE STREET SIGNS WRITTEN IN ENGLISH.
Spott and General.



WITH ALGECIRAS BAY TO THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH AND THE MEDITERRANEAN TO THE RIGHT:
THE ROAD FROM GIBRALTAR TO SPAIN, LOOKING NORTH.



AT THE FOOT OF THE OLD SIGNAL STATION ON THE CENTRAL PART OF THE ROCK:
AN ANCIENT MOORISH LOOK-OUT POST.



THE INGENUOUS METHOD DEvised FOR PROVIDING GIBRALTAR WITH ITS WATER:
HUGE CATCHMENTS WHICH COLLECT RAIN AND FILL CISTERNS IN THE ROCK.

The area of Gibraltar is only one and seven-eighths square miles, and its normal civil population some seventeen thousand persons, mostly descendants of Spanish and Italian settlers. Although in most places the actual depth of soil on the Rock is shallow, its western slopes are covered with luxuriant foliage. The naval harbour works are considerable: for the erection of sheds and barracks, sixty-four acres had to be reclaimed from the sea. The anchorage, enclosed within huge stone moles, extends to four hundred and forty acres,

and even at low tide there is a clearance of thirty feet. Throughout the Rock are hidden galleries and an elaborate system of tunnels. The present Governor and Commander-in-Chief is General Sir Edmund Ironside. Previously under Moorish rule, Gibraltar was joined to the Kingdom of Granada in the fifteenth century. In 1704 it was captured by Sir George Rooke, and during the American War of Independence successfully withstood a combined French and Spanish siege. By the Treaty of Versailles, in 1763, Great Britain paid



ROSA RAY: THE PLACE WHERE NELSON'S BODY WAS LANDED AFTER TRAFALGAR
AND EMBALMED BEFORE BEING TAKEN TO ENGLAND FOR BURIAL.



AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE ROCK: WINDMILL HILL FLATS, SHOWING THE LLOYDS AND ADMIRALTY
SIGNAL STATION (CENTRE LEFT).



THE CONFORMATION OF THE ROCK: THE PRECIPICE, SOME 1300 FT. HIGH ON THE EAST,
CONTRASTING WITH THE VEGETATION-CLAD WESTERN HEIGHTS.

for its retention—the price being, in Europe, Minorca; in America, East and West Florida (which have since passed to the United States). For the past hundred and fifty years, Gibraltar's history has been almost uneventful; even during the Great War, when it was a coaling station for the Fleet (latterly the dockyards have been equipped with huge oil-fuel stores), it figured in no prominent naval incident. Legend has it that the continued existence of Barbary Apes, the only apes to live in their natural state in Europe, is a



LEADING TO
LA LINEA, WHERE
SPANISH TROOPS
ARE REPORTED
TO HAVE BEEN
CONFINED: THE FINE ROAD
FROM GIBRALTAR,
BORDERED WITH
EUCALYPTUS TREES.



RUNNING FROM THE SOUTH END OF THE TOWN TO EUROPA
POINT, THE SOUTHERNMOST EXTREMITY OF THE ROCK:
THE PICTURESQUE EUROPA ROAD.



THE GIBRALTAR APES: THE ONLY APES NATIVE TO EUROPE—WHOSE SURVIVAL ON THE
ROCK, ACCORDING TO LEGEND, PORTENDS THE CONTINUANCE OF BRITISH RULE.

sign of the continued existence of British rule: hence steps are taken to see that they do not die out. Militant patriot Spaniards, of whom formerly—perhaps even now—only a comparatively small number existed, deplore that Gibraltar is not part of Spain. This feeling increased after the literary renaissance of the "generation of '98"; it is of considerable importance to Britain if, and to what extent, this feeling has changed as a result of the Spanish War. Strategic aspects of Gibraltar are dealt with on pages 666 and 667.

PARLIAMENT'S HISTORIC MEETING AFTER THE SEIZURE OF ALBANIA: THE PREMIER'S PLEDGES TO GREECE AND RUMANIA.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRIGNAU.

Mr. George Lansbury. Sir Archibald Sinclair.

The Russian and Belgian Ambassadors. Duke of Kent.

Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Ernest Brown. Lady Astor.

Mr. Anthony Eden.



Mr. Duff Cooper.

Sir Kingsley Wood.

Major Sir R. H. Dorman-Smith.

Mr. R. A. Butler.

Captain Mervyn.

Sir John Simon.

Sir Samuel Hoare.

THE SCENE DURING THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT HURRIEDLY SUMMONED OVER BANK HOLIDAY TO DISCUSS THE INVASION OF ALBANIA BY ITALY, AND BRITAIN'S NEW FOREIGN POLICY: MR. CHAMBERLAIN SPEAKING DURING THE DEBATE.

On Thursday, April 13, a special meeting of both Houses of Parliament was summoned to discuss the situation created by Italy's seizure of Albania. Mr. Chamberlain, after a restrained account of the events, gave the expected guarantees to Greece and Rumania—not, in themselves, dissimilar to that given to Poland. In the course of his speech the Prime Minister said: "Rightly or wrongly, the stories of oppression and ill-treatment of the population by the former Government of Albania . . . and of Albanian

enthusiasm at the Italian occupation are regarded with . . . suspicion" (Cheers). Regarding the Anglo-Italian Pact, Mr. Chamberlain stated: "Nothing that has happened in any way has altered my conviction that the policy of . . . signing the Anglo-Italian Agreement a year ago was right." Regarding Spain, the Prime Minister stated: "I need only add that the Government have always regarded the evacuation of the Italian forces from Spain as a vital element in the Agreement. . . ." Following cries of "What about Russia?",

Mr. Chamberlain stated that the closest contact was being maintained with that country. Mr. Attlee, who followed, said that the rape of Albania was to the Anglo-Italian Agreement what the destruction of Czechoslovakia was to the Munich Agreement. The Opposition speakers in general emphasised the need for closer co-operation with Russia—a view which Mr. Winston Churchill also propounded. Mr. Lansbury, in the course of his speech, pleaded that President Roosevelt and the Prime Minister should say to

Europe, before they plunged into an inferno, that they were ready to sit around a table and would not taboo any question raised. Mr. Eden stated the aims of some Powers in Europe had been for a long time past strategic; events had shown, he concluded, that "the objective of the totalitarian States in Spain was strategic just as elsewhere." Sir John Simon, who spoke last, stated that on the part of the Government there was no desire to exclude Russia, or to fail to take full advantage of the help of Russia in the cause of peace.

NEWS FROM SPAIN, ITALY AND LIBYA IN PICTURES.



AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF HIS CREDENTIALS TO GENERAL FRANCO BY THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN: THE GENERAL LEAVING THE CAPITANIA PALACE IN BURGOS WITH AN ESCORT OF MOORISH CAVALRY.

The new British Ambassador in Spain, Sir Maurice Peterson, presented his Letters of Credence to General Franco at Burgos on April 11. In his speech to General Franco Sir Maurice said: "It will be my great honour to contribute to the maintenance and drawing closer of the good relations between our two countries." In his reply General Franco said he was sure the new Spain would meet with loyal and sympathetic friendship from Great Britain. (A.P.)



THE SPANISH ROYAL FAMILY ATTEND A THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR GENERAL FRANCO'S VICTORY IN ROME: EX-KING ALFONSO AND QUEEN VICTORIA, WITH TWO OF THEIR SONS BEHIND THEM.

Ex-King Alfonso of Spain and Queen Victoria were among those who attended the service of thanksgiving for "the glorious end of the Spanish civil war" at the Jesuit church of Gesu, in Rome, on April 12, when a special Te Deum was sung. The service was also attended by all the Cardinals in Rome at that date. The Prince of Asturias and the Infanta Maria Cristina and Don Jaime, Duke of Segovia, are seen (l. to r.) behind the King and Queen. (A.P.)



THE MEETING OF THE FASCIST GRAND COUNCIL AT THE PALAZZO VENEZIA IN ROME WHICH APPROVED OF THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE CROWN OF ALBANIA BY THE KING OF ITALY: THE SESSION PRESIDED OVER BY SIGNOR MUSSOLINI, WHO HAS MARSHALS DE BONO AND BALBO AND COUNT CIANO ON HIS RIGHT; AND SIGNOR STARACE, SECRETARY OF THE FASCIST PARTY, ON HIS LEFT. (Photos., Keystone.)

There was a special meeting of the Fascist Grand Council in the Palazzo Venezia on April 13 to approve the acceptance by the King of Italy of the crown of Albania. In the evening Signor Mussolini appeared upon the balcony and before an excited, cheering crowd of several thousands ordered Signor Starace, the Secretary of the Fascist Party, to read the Order of the Day in which the Grand Council gave its approval. This contained such passages as "The Grand Council salutes this historical event with virile joy. It is based on the century-old bonds of friendship associating the Italian people with the Albanian people in an inseparable and deeper union, and declares that

Fascist Italy with her men and arms is in a position to guarantee to Albania order, progress, the respect for all her religions, social justice, civil justice, and peace with the defence of their common frontiers"; and concluded by saying that "The Fascist Grand Council expresses the gratitude of the Italian people to the Duce, founder of the Empire." Signor Mussolini then made a speech in which he said: "The world is asked to leave us alone to our great and daily labours. In any case, the world must know now that we, to-morrow as yesterday, to-day and always, will go straight ahead." This speech was punctuated by cries from the crowds of "Down with France!" and "Tunisia!"



THE GREAT MILITARY REVIEW HELD IN HONOUR OF FIELD-MARSHAL GÖRING DURING HIS VISIT TO LIBYA: ITALIAN ARTILLERY CARRIED IN LORRIES WITH NATIVE GUN CREWS AND ITALIAN DRIVERS IN THE MARCH-PAST. (Keystone.)

Field-Marshal Göring began his visit to Libya on April 9. He disembarked at Tripoli, where he was given a cordial official reception. Marshal Balbo, the Governor of Libya, went out to greet Field-Marshal Göring on the boat and afterwards they drove in an open car, through streets lined by cheering crowds and garlanded with Italian and German flags, to the villa where Field-Marshal Göring



TANKS THAT DEMONSTRATED BEFORE MARSHAL GÖRING IN THE GREAT REVIEW OF 23,000 MEN OF THE ITALIAN FORCES IN LIBYA: A SWARM OF SMALL MACHINES ADVANCING IN A CLOUD OF DUST.

stayed during his visit. The following day was spent inspecting agricultural settlements in Western Libya and in visiting the Roman remains at Leptis Magna. A military review in which 23,000 Italian and native troops took part was held in Field-Marshal Göring's honour on April 12. He embarked for Italy on the evening of the same day, arriving in Rome on April 14.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD:
EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD
RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



TO CELEBRATE HERR HITLER'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY: HUGE PYLONS ERECTED NEAR THE BRANDENBURGER TOR, BERLIN. Herr Hitler was fifty on April 20. Very elaborate celebrations were planned in Germany to mark this event, and special delegations were sent to Berlin from a number of countries. Other items in the programme were the conferment of the freedom of the city of Danzig upon Herr Hitler and a large-scale military parade. (A.P.)



A POSTCARD COMMEMORATING HERR HITLER'S BIRTHDAY, INSCRIBED WITH HIS ACHIEVEMENTS. Typical of the popular postcards produced in celebration of Herr Hitler's fiftieth birthday is the one illustrated above, which was designed by Herr Hoffmann, the Führer's personal photographer. The achievements include such events as the "Abolition of the Trade Unions" (1933).



INAUGURATING THE NEW BRITISH LONDON-WARSZAW AIR SERVICE: SIR FRANCIS SHELDERDINE SPEAKING AT HESTON. A new British air service linking London with Warsaw was opened on April 17. Sir Francis Sheldermine, the Director-General of Civil Aviation, and the managing director of British Airways, were among the first passengers to Poland. The service is by way of Berlin, where a halt is made. (G.P.U.)



SWISS PRECAUTIONS NEAR THE GERMAN FRONTIER: CIRCULAR TRAPS IN A ROAD THROUGH WHICH STEEL GIRDERS CAN BE ELECTRICALLY RAISED, FORMING A TANK BARRICADE. A correspondent writes: "Switzerland has taken extensive precautions on her German frontier. In many places special military roads have been constructed to bring up troops at top speed. The roads can also be closed at a minute's notice by means of heavy steel girders which shoot up from the roadway, being operated by an electrical mechanism. They are strong enough to resist artillery and heavy tanks." (Wide World.)



BROADCASTING THE SOUND OF 3000-YEAR-OLD TRUMPETS FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: A BRITISH TRUMPETER BLOWING A FANFARE BEFORE THE MICROPHONE. The silver and copper trumpets found in Tutankhamen's tomb, which were illustrated in our last issue, were sounded for the first time in 3000 years in the Cairo Museum, and their music broadcast, on April 16. Bandsman James Tappern, of the 11th Hussars, blew fanfares first on the silver and then on the copper trumpet. The notes were somewhat strident, as might be expected, since such a sound was favoured by the ancients. (Keystone.)



THE NEW WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, WHICH IS NOW NEARING COMPLETION: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE MAGNIFICENT MODERN BUILDING, COVERING AN AREA OF 66,000 SQUARE FEET. WITH THE VICTORIA TOWER OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND BIG BEN SEEN ON THE LEFT. The King, accompanied by the Queen, arranged to open the new Westminster Hospital on April 20. The building covers an area of 66,000 square feet, and will contain over four hundred beds, with out-patient clinics. Four main and four subsidiary operating theatres are provided, besides an extensive and modernly equipped X-ray, electrical, and radium clinic. A complete unit on the third floor is devoted to the care of children. The cost of building this most up-to-date hospital is £850,000, of which £100,000 is still needed. An appeal is being made for this sum.



THE FRENCH LINER "PARIS" LYING ON HER SIDE AT LE HAVRE FOLLOWING A DISASTROUS FIRE ON BOARD.

On April 18 a fire broke out aboard the French liner "Paris," which was in dock at Le Havre preparing for a voyage to New York. The fire started in the bakery and spread rapidly so that shortly after midnight the whole of the main first-class saloon was involved and the promenade deck was ablaze along its entire length. After working all night, the Le Havre fire brigade, assisted by mobile guards and

the crew of the liner, succeeded in gaining control of the flames, but the vessel sank. Among the cargo was a consignment of French art treasures for the New York World's Fair, valued at more than £150,000, which was saved. This is the third time that the "Paris" has been damaged by fire, outbreaks having occurred in 1929 and in 1937—on both occasions when she was in dock. (A.P.)



WITH THE NAVY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "GLORIOUS" ENCOUNTERING HEAVY SEAS, WITH WAVES MOUNTING UPON HER LOFTY FO'C'SLE.

At present only one of the Navy's six aircraft-carriers is normally stationed in the Mediterranean—the "Glorious," which is seen in this photograph. The "Ark Royal" and the "Furious" are with the Atlantic Fleet, and the "Eagle" on the China station. The small "Hermes" is in reserve, and the "Courageous," sister-ship of

the "Glorious," is now undergoing a refit. This photograph gives a forcible idea of the very heavy seas that may be encountered in the Mediterranean, although it is an "inland" sea. Waves over thirty feet high are drenching the lofty fo'c'sle of the aircraft-carrier. (Photograph by Charles E. Brown.)

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

ON THE ACTUAL SPOT.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, where Shakespeare's birthday is now being celebrated, is no more "the actual spot" of the plays than is the Old Vic. The Vic's situation, not so far from the original South Bank and Blackfriars, where Shakespeare and his colleagues mainly worked, brings it at least as close to the poet's genius as is the great rectangular red-brick tower of the Memorial Theatre by the river where he played as a child and later on bought property and died. There has always been a fight over Shakespeare between Stratford and London. The former has the claims of birth and burial: the latter was his workshop during the greater part of his life. So the latter says that he should be remembered by the Thames, while the former builds its own theatre and

Southwark and looking for a brewery wall with a plaque to announce the site of the Globe Theatre. Shakespeare himself seems utterly remote from Southwark now, except possibly in the galleried yard of the George Inn, where local players have a birthday celebration of their own. That inn was built half a century after Shakespeare's death, but it was a rebuilding on a site where a George and Dragon Inn stood in his day, and it was built with the galleries which were the parents of the Shakespearean type of playhouse. For the rest, there is little of Tudor London left beside Guy's Hospital and the Hop Exchange, not much, even, of the Southwark which Dickens knew and relished.

At Stratford, however, you are constantly amid genuine Tudor things, not museum relics and exhibits

thereabouts) certainly will not ease the burden of the producer who is endeavouring to put the Arden of "As You Like It" on the stage. This year Mr. Baliol Holloway has produced "As You Like It" and given us a fully-timbered, richly-foliaged forest in which to follow the fortunes of those who there fled the time carelessly. That is the kind of production which the average playgoer likes quite as much as the shining hours of Mr. Komisarjevsky's more fantastical presentations. He has this year given us "The Taming of the Shrew" and opens his version with a glimpse of a red-tiled ale-house which might be anywhere in England. But for some whimsical reason he has introduced to a Tudor play the gentlemen's outfits of a later period. Very handsome those Stuart costumes are and this same town of Stratford saw them



"THE DANCING YEARS," IVOR NOVELLO'S NEW MUSICAL PLAY, AT DRURY LANE: RUDI (IVOR NOVELLO), STANDING UPON THE STEPS AT THE RIGHT, RECOGNISES HIS OLD LOVE, GRETE (ROMA BEAUMONT; CENTRE) AT A BALL IN PRE-WAR VIENNA.

"The Dancing Years" covers three periods of Vienna—1911, when Rudi Kleber, a struggling composer, has a boy-and-girl romance with Grete; 1914, when Rudi has become a famous composer, with the



MARIA ZIEGLER'S (MARY ELLIS) LAST GOOD TURN TO RUDI: THE PRIMA DONNA, NOW PRINCESS METTERLING, AGREES TO RESCUE THE COMPOSER, WHO HAS COMPROMISED HIMSELF POLITICALLY IN POST-WAR VIENNA. help of Maria Ziegler, a great operatic star; and post-war Vienna, when Rudi is rescued by Maria, now Princess Metterling, from his political enemies. (Photos: Stage Photo and Angus McBean).

holds gala by the Avon's bank.

The case for Stratford, as the true Shakespeare shrine, is strengthened by the fact that there is almost nothing left in London of the town that Shakespeare knew. His City of London was burned clean away; certain aspects of Southwark Cathedral are all that are left of his Bankside, with the exception of a stone or two of the old Bishop of Winchester's palace which abutted on that racy, rowdy haunt of Tudor London's pleasure-seekers and vendors of delight. His Tower and Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall are still there, but there is not much else. One cannot easily imagine the appearance of Elizabeth's capital into which Will Shakespeare rode one day of his youth. There is so little of it left.

But his Stratford is substantially still there. The house of his birth, the church of his christening and his burial, the grammar school to which he was almost certainly sent, the farmhouse whence he took a wife, the houses of his sons-in-law, Dr. John Hall and Thomas Nash, the exquisite Clopton Bridge, over which he passed

to conquer the capital—these things are all standing and are likely, with our good care, to stand a long time yet. Of course, there have been restorations of fabric. No building will endure three and a half centuries without recourse to the mason and the plasterers. But there is no doubt that when we go to Stratford, even to the modern petrolised and tourist-thronged town which the motor-car invades by the myriad on all summer days of holiday and festival, we are really seeing the kind of house and church, meadow and waterside amid which Shakespeare chose to invest his money and make the home of his maturity.

There is little or no thrill to be obtained by walking about the gloomy wharves and warehouses of modern



"OF MICE AND MEN," AT THE GATE THEATRE: LENNIE (NIALL MACGINNIS), THE HALF-WITTED GIANT (RIGHT) WITH GEORGE (JOHN MILLS), HIS FRIEND.

"Of Mice and Men," the extremely moving tragedy of farm life in California, has had a great success. The principal characters are two farm labourers, Lennie, the half-witted giant with such strength in his hands that he kills pet animals when he fondles them, and his friend, George, on whom Lennie is utterly dependent. Led astray by the wife of one of his employers (Claire Luce), Lennie breaks her neck in his awkwardness, although meaning no harm. His friend shoots him to save him from being lynched. (Photographs by Angus McBean).



THE DISCOVERY OF THE GIRL KILLED BY LENNIE: SYDNEY BENSON AS CANDY THE ONE-HANDED LABOURER, AND CLAIRE LUCE.

merely, but houses and fields and bridges and markets which are used in our day as they were used in his. To me this is moving and exciting. I do not say that I enjoy a play of Shakespeare's more in Stratford than in London. The merit, of course, lies more in the performance than the place, but I do find that a walk by the Avon intensifies the significance of familiar lines and sets old music ringing in one's ears with beauty and with urgency renewed. "Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy"—what a perfect description of a golden sunset on Waterside after a drab day of cloud.

To some extent, being on the actual spot makes things harder for the actor. The fact that we are in Arden (or

ster stuff, with villainy rampant and half the cast being put "on the spot" before the night is out. Richard, played with plenty of rich saturnine touches by Mr. John Laurie, is in the bill at Stratford this year. (Mr. Laurie is also a gangster's victim—playing Othello to Mr. Alec Clunes's Iago.) There, too, are Sir Toby and Audrey and Christopher Sly, in whose play there is a string of rural names such as Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell. In and about the country houses and village inns of Warwickshire these still abide. They were on the "actual spot" when Shakespeare first desecrated and staged them and there. While empires fall, they will remain.

at their best, no doubt, when, during the Civil Wars, the Queen Henrietta had temporary lodging in the house that had once been Shakespeare's.

Play-going at Stratford has its special pleasures of reunion. Whether or no you have happened to like the production (and this year there is more to like than in most others), you can always find plenty of people who want to talk about it after. Old friends, Shakespeare-fanciers, professional actors, academic figures, tavern-companions and throwers of the nimble dart, all reassemble year after year in April or later on and are bound in this fellowship of the actual spot. One of the great advantages of Stratford is that it is not just a cultural shrine or a place where people go to see eight different plays of Shakespeare acted within a single week. It is a market town of English country and the Cotswold fringe. It is full of people whose concern for horses is far more than their concern for Mr. Komisarjevsky, people who, if they go to the theatre this year, will probably select "Richard III." because it is good gang-

FORTY YEARS OF MONET:

AN EXHIBITION COVERING MOST PERIODS OF THE IMPRESSIONIST
PAINTER *PAR EXCELLENCE*.



"PALMIERS À BORDIGHERA"; PAINTED BY MONET DURING HIS VISIT IN 1884: A PICTURE HUNG IN THE MONET EXHIBITION AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES. (29 by 36½ in.)



"ARGENTEUIL," WHERE MONET LIVED BEFORE AND AFTER THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR: A PAINTING DATING FROM 1876. (24 by 32 in.)



AN EARLY MONET, PAINTED IN 1865, WHEN HE WAS STILL INFLUENCED BY BOUDIN, JONGKIND AND COURBET: "BATEAU ÉCHOUE." (20½ by 21½ in.)



"EFFET DE PRINTEMPS À GIVERNY"; PAINTED IN 1890, NEAR THE COUNTRY HOUSE MONET ACQUIRED IN HIS LATER DAYS. (23½ by 39 in.)



"EFFET DE NEIGE"; PAINTED IN 1874. (26 by 22 in.)

The title of this exhibition—"Selected Paintings of all Periods by Claude Monet"—which remains open at Messrs. Tooth's galleries until May 6, is amply justified. The earliest work included is the "Bateau Échoué," reproduced on this page, which was painted in 1865. Monet was then twenty-five, and in the same year he, who was to be denounced in the years after the Franco-Prussian War as the most infuriating of the impressionists, had had the compliment paid him of having



"ARBRES EN HIVER"; PAINTED IN 1887. (32 by 32 in.)

two marine paintings accepted by the Salon. In point of fact, Monet was first taught to paint by Boudin; while Jongkind was another early influence that was unlikely to lead him into "excesses." Two paintings of the time when he was living at Argenteuil after the Franco-Prussian War are reproduced here, "Effet de Neige" and "Argenteuil." The latest of the works we illustrate is the "Effet de Printemps à Giverny," painted after Monet had become sufficiently prosperous to take the house which was to be his home for the rest of his days; but the exhibition also includes a "Nymphéas" of 1908.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS, 155, NEW BOND STREET.

ALBANIA UNDER ITALIAN CONTROL: EVENTS FOLLOWING THE INVASION.



ITALIAN ALPINE TROOPS EN ROUTE FOR THE ALBANIAN-GREEK FRONTIER: A TRANSPORT AT THE ALBANIAN PORT OF SANTI QUARANTA; SHOWING ITALIAN WARSHIPS AT ANCHOR IN THE BACKGROUND. (Keystone.)



THE FUNERAL OF EIGHT ITALIAN SAILORS KILLED DURING THE LANDING OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN ALBANIA ON GOOD FRIDAY: THE COFFINS PASSING THROUGH DURAZZO. (Keystone.)



SACKED BY AN ALBANIAN MOB AFTER THE ROYAL FAMILY HAD FLED: QUEEN GERALDINE'S BOUDOIR IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT TIRANA. (Planet.)



MAKING FRIENDS WITH A VULTURE FROM KING ZOG'S PRIVATE ZOO: AN ITALIAN SOLDIER IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL PALACE. (Wide World.)



THE LOOTING OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT TIRANA: DÉBRIS SCATTERED ON THE FLOOR BY AN ALBANIAN MOB BEFORE THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION. (Wide World.)



PROVIDING EVIDENCE OF THE HASTY FLIGHT OF THE OUTNUMBERED ALBANIAN TROOPS: MESS-TINS, PACKS AND OTHER EQUIPMENT ABANDONED NEAR DURAZZO; ONE OF FOUR SEAPORTS AT WHICH THE ITALIANS LANDED. (Keystone.)



THE CROWN OF ALBANIA OFFERED TO KING VICTOR EMMANUEL OF ITALY AND HIS ROYAL DESCENDANTS: THE PRESIDENT OF THE ALBANIAN CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY READING THE TEXT OF THE RESOLUTION AT TIRANA. (Planet.)

Following the invasion of Albania by Italy on April 7, Italian troops were sent to strategic points near the Greek frontier. Speaking in the House of Commons on April 13, the Prime Minister stated that these troop movements had caused the Greek Government to become uneasy as to the intentions of the Italian Government. As a consequence, Lord Halifax pointed out to the Italian Chargé d'Affaires that the British Government would take a serious view of any threat to the independence of Greece and subsequently Signor Mussolini instructed the Italian Chargé d'Affaires in Athens to assure the Greek Government that Italy

intended to respect the territorial and insular integrity of Greece. During the landing of the Italian Expeditionary force at Durazzo, eight Italian sailors were killed and their funeral recently took place at that seaport. Wreaths were sent by Signor Mussolini. Before the Italian forces reached Tirana the Royal Family fled and an Albanian mob broke into the palace and sacked it. On April 12 the Albanian Constituent Assembly offered the crown to King Victor Emmanuel in order to form a personal union between the two countries. On the following day the Fascist Grand Council approved the King of Italy's acceptance.

SYMBOL OF ALBANIA'S VANISHED INDEPENDENCE: SKANDERBEG'S TOWER.

FROM THE DRAWING BY A. HOROVITZ.



THE HOME OF ALBANIA'S NATIONAL HERO: HISTORIC KRUGA ; SHOWING SKANDERBEG'S TOWER IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

The decision of the Albanian Constituent Assembly to offer the Crown of Albania to King Victor Emmanuel was made known on April 12, when the text of the resolution was handed to Count Ciano at Tirana. Perhaps the most picturesque and historic town in the country is Kruja, near Tirana,

which was occupied by Italian troops on April 10. A huge rock rises in the centre of the town on which formerly stood the castle of the Albanian national hero, Skanderbeg, who united the clansmen in the fifteenth century to free his country from Turkish rule. To-day only the tower of his fortress remains

OPENING UP A RICH NEW FIELD OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH IN CENTRAL ASIA:

THE PIONEER EXPLORATION OF THE OXUS TERRITORIES IN NORTHERN AFGHANISTAN BY THE FIRST BRITISH EXPEDITION IN THAT COUNTRY.

By EVERT BARGER, Lecturer in the University of Bristol. Leader of the Expedition to Afghanistan, supported by the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Royal Geographical Society. (See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

Mr. Barger was the leader of the expedition which spent last summer in excavating Buddhist remains in the Swat Valley, on the North-West Frontier of India, north of Peshawar, and in making an archaeological reconnaissance in North Afghanistan. His party numbered four. Mr. Barger, accompanied by Mr. W. V. Emanuel, left Swat for Kabul at the end of July. A previous article, published in our issue of Dec. 24, 1938, by Mr. Philip Wright, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, described the results of the excavations in Swat; the present article deals with the expedition's work in Afghanistan. Their pioneer exploration of the Oxus territories in Northern Afghanistan gave them the honour of being the first British expedition in that country. They also surveyed regions never before visited by archaeologists, in conjunction with the French delegation in Afghanistan.

GREEK kings ruled the greater part of the territories of modern Afghanistan and Russian Turkestan for almost two centuries after Alexander had conquered Western Asia, and Greek dynasties survived for perhaps another 130 years between the Hindu Kush and the Indus. Their story, on which classical writers throw only an occasional ray of light, is known to us almost entirely from their coins, eked out by oblique references in the Chinese annals (after China had got into contact with the West in the second half of the second century B.C.), and in Indian traditions. These Hellenistic outposts of Middle Asia were cut off from the Mediterranean world by the rise of Parthian power; they were hemmed in and threatened by the nomad peoples beyond the Oxus, and when they tried to advance from the Indus to the Ganges, or down to the ocean, they lost their identity, submerged in the tide of Indian history.

The Greek kingdoms were destroyed by invading hordes from Central Asia, the backwash of a great movement of peoples stretching from the Caspian to the Gobi, which we can indistinctly follow in the Chinese sources. The Greeks succumbed to the rhythm of Central Asian history, the periodic shortage of pasture which throws armies of shepherds into the plains and fertile valleys, a cyclic process of destruction and reintegration. During the eight centuries between the retreat of the Greeks to the Kabul Valley and the Islamic invasions (second century B.C. to seventh century A.D.), Sâkas, Kushans, White Huns and other hordes succeeded one another in Bactria, and the Sassanid kings of Persia kept only a shaky hold on the distant Oxus frontier. Genghis Khan and Tamerlane united most of Asia in their turn, but our knowledge of the history of Central Asia after Buddhism had been swept away by the first Mohammedan conquerors is a series of disconnected instalments, consisting of what Idrisi and the Arab geographers tell us, or what we can gather from travellers such as Marco Polo, John Carpini and

way can we hope to trace the passage of the Buddhist religion and the forms of Hellenistic art from the Indian frontier, across Afghanistan and the Pamirs to China, and along the great Silk Route, which, during this same period, was the road by which the Chinese caravans made their way to the markets of the Roman Empire.

Although Swat is separated from Bactria by the main chain of the Hindu Kush, these two areas are really different corners of the same board on which the historian must set out and arrange the pieces of archaeological evidence. Only in this

by the Oxus and the mountains of Russian Turkestan on the north and by the Pamirs on the east. The plain is dotted with mounds (Figs. 7 and 9), many of them the remains of ancient cities, on some of which fragments of walls and buildings can still be traced. Many of these were examined, measured and plotted on the map, and we made a large collection of pottery fragments which, with this topographical data, should be a valuable guide if, in the future, excavation is possible. Some of these mounds are surrounded by ancient systems of irrigation canals (Fig. 10), probably destroyed by the armies of Genghis Khan.

In every village or nomad encampment we stopped and asked the inhabitants whether they knew of any ancient remains (Kafir-kalas, or places of infidels) in the neighbourhood, or whether any old coins, seals, or other objects had been found. In this way we made a collection of coins and of Greek and Sassanid seals (Fig. 5), which, after casts had been made, were lodged in the Kabul Museum. Routine enquiries of this kind took much time and patience. We were often led on false scents—for instance, to visit Mohammedan tombs or rocks washed into curious shapes by the weather.

But by such methods we were lucky enough to make one discovery that may prove of considerable importance. In the bazaar of the small town of Kunduz, twenty-five miles south of the Oxus, an old man told us that he had in the courtyard of his house something that might be old, though he could not say what it was. There he showed us

the carved bases of two Greek stone columns, and he led us to a pit where builders were digging up earth for making bricks. At a depth of twelve feet they had just uncovered a third column base (Fig. 2), and we were thus able to prove that the Hellenistic cities of Bactria were not all built, like their successors of to-day, of mud, as had generally been thought since M. Foucher's excavations made at Balkh. These are the first Greek structural remains ever found in Central Asia, perhaps part of a temple or a forum; only systematic excavation can show which.

At Kunduz, which is known from the Arab geographers and from the accounts of Buddhist pilgrims, such as Hiuen Tsiang, who travelled through Afghanistan to India, to have been an important place, there are also a number of mounds and a huge "castle" (Fig. 11), with mud walls over a hundred feet high and half a mile in circumference. Various considerations of topography and place-names suggest that it was originally one of the centres by means of which the Sassanid kings of Persia kept their uncertain



1. WITH THE EXPEDITION'S ROUTE MARKED BY A DOTTED LINE: A MAP SHOWING LOCALITIES VISITED, AND THE COURSE OF THE OXUS, FORMING THE FRONTIER BETWEEN AFGHANISTAN AND RUSSIAN TURKESTAN.



2. THE BRITISH EXPEDITION'S MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY: A HELLENISTIC COLUMN-BASE, ONE OF THREE UNEARTHED AT KUNDUZ—THE FIRST GREEK STRUCTURAL REMAINS EVER FOUND IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The column-bases found at Kunduz represent the first Greek stonework ever discovered in Bactria (Afghan Turkestan), whose ancient buildings had hitherto been thought to be all constructed of sun-dried mud, like their successors of to-day. These column-bases probably formed part of a temple or public building.

M. Hackin, the present head of the French Archaeological Delegation in Afghanistan, whose interesting finds of glass and ivories at Begram were published in *The Illustrated London News* of August 6, 1938, had given his generous support to proposals for work by members of a British expedition; and at the beginning of August last two members of our party, Emanuel and myself, arrived at Kabul. As the first British archaeologists to enter Afghanistan we received a very warm welcome from the Afghan Government. Our task was not excavation, but archaeological exploration, for we were travelling in regions some of which no archaeologist had ever visited. After crossing the main chain of the Hindu Kush by what must be almost the highest motor road in the world (Shibar Pass, 10,500 feet) we reached the plain of Bactria, now partly a desert, bounded



5. GREEK AND SASSANID SEALS, FOUND BY THE BRITISH EXPEDITION IN BACTRIA (AFGHAN TURKESTAN): EVIDENCE OF POST-ALEXANDRIAN INFLUENCES ON ANCIENT AFGHAN ART.

hold on Bactria. It resembles the Parthian fortress of Takht-i-Suleiman, which Mr. Upham Pope surveyed on the Western marches of the Sassanid Empire (*The Illustrated London News*, Feb. 26, 1938). The pottery fragments which we have brought back may prove this assumption, for here, too, the local inhabitants had been digging earth for bricks, and some of the pottery comes from the lower strata of kiln-dried brick.

From Bactria we followed the southern branch of the Silk Route into Badakhshan, up the Kokcha gorges to Faizabad, where we organised a caravan and went on horseback to Jurm. At Baharak, between Faizabad and Jurm, within sight of the Pamirs, where the Kokcha Valley broadens out into a little plain and receives two affluents, we found extensive stone remains (Fig. 4), which are probably those of the ancient capital of Badakhshan. We hope that we have been able to solve this much-discussed problem. A mile or two further on is a Kafir-kala, a pile of stone blocks which, by its shape, curiously resembles a wrecked Buddhist stupa. In going beyond Faizabad and looking up the Warduj Valley on to the Roof of the World we were, I believe, the first Englishmen to go that way this century.



4. ALL THAT REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT CAPITAL: SCATTERED DÉBRIS OF RUINED BUILDINGS AT BAHARAK, ONCE, PROBABLY, THE CHIEF CITY OF BADAKHSHAN, IN THE KOKCHA VALLEY, EAST OF FAIZABAD, ON THE FAMOUS SILK ROUTE.



3. A HEAD OF BUDDHA FROM KUNDUZ, IN AFGHAN TURKESTAN: ONE OF A SERIES OF FRAGMENTS WHICH CAME TO LIGHT WHEN AN IRRIGATION CANAL WAS BEING MADE. (Size of Original, 4½ in. high.)

Benedict Goes. Archaeology has so far told us almost nothing of the Bactrian Greeks. Within a few months of obtaining the French Concession for archaeological work in Afghanistan, in 1922, M. Foucher was in Balkh, the ancient and mediæval capital of Bactria (Figs. 6 and 7), and he excavated there with a large army of workmen for eighteen months. But he found the great stupa described by the seventh-century Chinese pilgrim Hiuen Tsiang to be no more than a huge cake of mud. Since then the members of the French Delegation have been fully occupied with a series of important excavations at Buddhist sites in the south of Afghanistan, chiefly Hadda and Begram (Kapisa), near Kabul.

A GREAT NEW ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD IN CENTRAL ASIA:

AFGHAN MOUNDS THAT MAY CONTAIN ANCIENT CITIES OF GREEK ORIGIN.

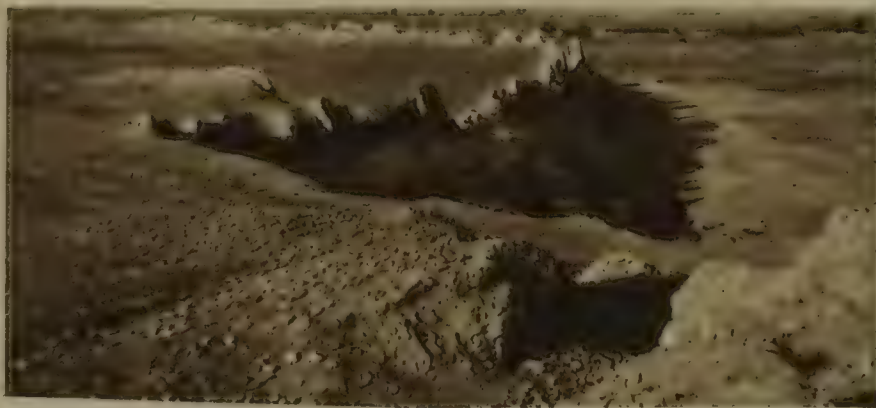
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MR. EVERT BARGER AND MR. W. V. EMANUEL. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



6. SOMETIMES CALLED "THE MOTHER OF CITIES": RUINS OF BALKH, THE ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL CAPITAL OF BACTRIA (AFGHAN TURKESTAN)—PART OF THE EXTENSIVE CITY WALLS WITH TOWERS AT INTERVALS.



7. AWAITING THE SPADE OF THE ARCHÆOLOGIST TO REVEAL THEIR SECRETS: GREAT MOUNDS, COVERING THE REMAINS OF ANCIENT CITIES, IN THE DESERT BEYOND TASHKURGHAN, TWENTY MILES SOUTH OF THE OXUS.



8. THE MEDIEVAL WALLS OF BALKH, BUILT OF SUN-DRIED MUD, AND ABOUT EIGHT MILES IN PERIMETER: A SITE WHERE MAY BE FOUND REMAINS OF A GREEK CAPITAL, AS AT KUNDUZ.



9. IN FORMER DAYS, NO DOUBT, THE "ACROPOLIS" OF A FLOURISHING STATE: A MOUND COVERING A RUINED CITY BETWEEN SHIBARGHAN AND AKCHA, IN AFGHAN TURKESTAN (ANCIENT BACTRIA).



10. ANCIENT IRRIGATION CHANNELS BETWEEN AKCHA AND BALKH: PART OF A SYSTEM PROBABLY DESTROYED BY THE CONQUERING HORDES OF GENGHIS KHAN—IN COUNTRY NOW CHIEFLY A DESERT.



11. ONCE AN OUTPOST OF PERSIAN POWER IN BACTRIA?—THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF KUNDUZ, IN AFGHAN TURKESTAN, DATING POSSIBLY FROM SASSANID TIMES (SECOND TO FIFTH CENTURIES A.D.), WITH MUD WALLS OVER 100 FT. HIGH.

The archæological expedition which the above photographs illustrate is described by its leader, Mr. Evert Barger, in his article on the opposite page. It was one of special interest, since, as he states, he and his companion, Mr. W. V. Emanuel, were the first British archæologists who had ever entered Afghanistan, and they were very warmly welcomed by the Afghan authorities. Mr. Barger explains that their task was not digging, but exploration, for some of the regions they traversed had never

before been visited by any archæologist. Their purpose was thus in the nature of a reconnaissance, to prepare the way for future excavators. Nevertheless, they were able to make a large collection of pottery fragments from the sites they examined, besides acquiring a number of coins and seals from local inhabitants. Arrangements have been made for an exhibition of these finds to be held at the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



THE Prints and Drawings Gallery has this year gone gay, as if to show Dictators that whatever they may say or do we are determined to preserve a sense of proportion. Those who find their way to the current exhibition of caricatures will be certain of a delightful hour's entertainment and will perhaps revise their opinion of the activities of the department: it is not occupied solely with what the man in the street has some reason to dismiss lightly as the minutiae of scholarship. The nation owns an enormous mass of material, both prints and drawings, which can be classified as caricature, and a selection has been made from this otherwise little-known series. The exhibits date from the fifteenth century, cover most countries of Europe, and include the work of living men. The term "caricature" is treated fairly widely, for one or two straightforward drawings of Dutch seventeenth-century peasants appear. To-day we do not necessarily label a man with unusually homely features a caricature: as the guide to the exhibition points out, our more elegant ancestors did, and quotes Lord Chesterfield: "As for the Rembrandt you mention, though it is very cheap if good, I do not care for it. I love *la belle nature*; Rembrandt paints caricatures." But then, my

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

CARICATURE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

By FRANK DAVIS.

Most of us were under the impression that *singeries*—i.e., scenes in which monkeys are shown behaving as men—were seventeenth-century inventions which became popular in the eighteenth century, especially in France. A fine drawing by David Teniers, "Monkeys Masquerade: The Barber Surgeon's Shop," is an admirable example of this class of work. But a sixteenth-century wood-cut in which the figure of an ape is used to parody the famous sculpture group of the Laocoon takes one much farther back, and presumably the origin of this amusing fashion must be looked for in mediæval grotesque carvings. The monkey caricature seems to have come to England

clumsy—clumsy-minded, that is. The age was coarse, but coarseness in retrospect can seem a trifle dull. Gillray uses a bludgeon, and it seems that caricature, to give lasting pleasure, must be the result of good rapier-work. There's no question of the difference in quality and sensitiveness between French and English caricature of this period, and this difference is well brought out by the arrangement of two screens with a space between them (the English Channel, as it were). The little-known John Nixon, and the much better-known Robert Dighton, penetrating though they are, cut poor figures in competition with so exquisite a commentary upon Paris life as "Promenade du Jardin du Palais Royal," by Desrais, or "Promenade Publique," by Debucourt (itself, by the way, an echo of Rowlandson's "Vauxhall Gardens").

Daumier is not at all well represented in the Museum by drawings (when they could have been bought for a few francs each fifty years ago no one in authority took any interest); only one is on view in this show—but there is an excellent display of lithographs both by him and by Gavarni. *Punch* illustrators are present in force, and there are one or two amusing reminiscences of Museum history (e.g., "The Ceremony of Removing a Piece of Sculpture, with Sir Charles Newton in Attendance," by Caldecott).

It will be obvious from the above that the scope of the exhibition is very much wider than that of the French Caricature show recently held at the New Burlington Galleries. One could very well call it



1. A FINE ROWLANDSON DRAWING IN THE CARICATURE EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: "TROOPING THE COLOUR ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE."

by the hand of the younger Egbert van Heemskerck, who was responsible for a whole series; Hogarth uses the same device in his "Beggar's Opera Burlesqued."

Purely political satire in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is a trifle dull, no doubt because the profession could then be listed among the dangerous occupations (as, indeed, it has been since in many countries). The anti-Cromwell caricatures are Dutch, and satires against James II. are Dutch in manner and have Dutch texts. One print in the exhibition, "The Capture of Judge Jeffreys," was invented in England and afterwards copied in Holland.

Rowlandson is no stranger to this page, whether as caricaturist or straightforward landscape-painter in water-colours—I have on more than one occasion ventured to call attention to his love of the English countryside for its own sake—and it is gratifying to see this aspect of his talent emphasised in the three-penny guide (as usual, a most excellent and lucid production) produced specially for the exhibition. Naturally, his pungency receives more attention in the drawings and prints chosen for display here than his occasional essays in a quieter mood. Of the several drawings on view, Fig. 1, "Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade," seems to me to provide the perfect example of his

extraordinary gift for good-humoured, accurate, and yet somehow poetic reporting—there is sparkle and vitality, movement, a lovely light, and a general atmosphere of the ballet. The Museum possesses a large number of his drawings—fifty-eight mounted, an album with thirteen political sketches, and five quarto albums of little drawings "but for so national a figure" (I quote the guide) "even more of the important examples, especially of his early work, are very desirable."

His contemporary, James Gillray, is very well represented both by his drawings and by a series of savage Napoleonic prints—robust enough, but to me



3. "TEMPERANCE ENJOYING A FRUGAL MEAL": A GILLRAY PRINT SATIRISING THE PARSIMONIOUS HABITS OF GEORGE III. AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE; DATED 1792.

This is a good example of Gillray's method of producing an effect by an accumulation of small details which the patient observer discovers one after another. It will be seen that the royal chair is kept carefully covered to preserve the material; while the royal breeches are discreetly patched. There is no fire in the grate; many of the pictures have been removed from their frames; and the drink of their Majesties is plain *aqua*, even though *aqua regis*.

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"From Leonardo to Low" if that was not likely to shock the solemn-minded—and that is by no means a fantastic title, for Leonardo da Vinci did draw a series of grotesque heads, early copies of which are on the walls. Even Michelangelo finds himself in the somewhat surprising company of professional caricaturists with a fine red chalk drawing of three "Grotesque Heads of Satyrs."



2. A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST MAKES FUN OF HIS PATRON: AN EARLY COPY OF A DRAWING, "THE PAINTER AND THE AMATEUR," BY PETER BREUGHEL THE ELDER (1530-1569); IN THE EXHIBITION OF CARICATURE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Lord Chesterfield was a man of taste of the popinjay sort, and about as good a critic of a work of art as the bespectacled Collector of Fig. 2. The original of this drawing is in Vienna—this is an early copy. Elderly, near-sighted connoisseurs have always been fair game for painters and draughtsmen—see, for example, certain admirable drawings by our Rowlandson, and that great Frenchman, Daumier, and, in this show, James Gillray—"Connoisseurs Examining a Collection of George Morland." Some day an infuriated collector with sufficient gifts will retaliate and show the world just how painters appear to him.

This England . . .



Derwentwater, from Castle Head

OF all the Englands that make this England that of "the Lakes" differs perhaps most of all, and many would hold sweet Derwentwater—studded with tiny isles that fascinate the boy in each of us—to be the loveliest. Yet this is still England; bank and tree, field and farm, the common things of life proclaim it. And so it is, climber or walker or simple beauty-seeking tourist, that here too—your lungs filled with air, your coat sodden upon your back (for it can rain in these parts)—you will find another good thing common to English life . . . Your Worthington, rich-brewed to soothe fatigue and keep your heart a-lift when dusk shall steal the strange new beauties from your eyes.





WAGNER

THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

MUSIC AND OUR ENEMIES.

By FRANCIS TOYE.

democracies have not gone so far in theory, perhaps, but in practice they are beginning to proceed on very much the same assumptions. So the principle must now be regarded as practically universal.

In the circumstances, it is not easy to see how in logic, when we find ourselves fighting against or even merely disapproving of a particular civilisation, an exception can be made for an integral part of it such as music. Moreover, in the modern clash of States nothing is, so to say, reserved. Just as every man and woman is morally, if not actually, in the fighting-line, so every resource, spiritual and cultural as well as material, is mobilised for the fray. Logically, then, when we are at war, open or concealed, with a nation, we should, I suppose, count music among the potential weapons of that nation; yet many of us shrink from such a conclusion. There is, after all, such a thing as driving logic to extremes. Further, all the manifestations of a nation's music need not necessarily be placed in the same category.

this matter. We may, for instance, be politically at variance with countries A and B, yet, owing to the difference of degree in that variance, feel very differently about them, being willing to listen to the artists of country A and unwilling to listen to the artists of country B. Anybody who cares to translate these abstractions into concrete terms will realise that this state of affairs actually exists at the present time. For my part, I sympathise with and commend such latitude.

When it comes to composers and their music the question is far more difficult. Most, though by no means all, people will agree to boycott the contemporary composers of a hostile State, partly from the material considerations already adduced in the case of executive musicians, partly because as a rough-and-ready principle of exclusion this works pretty well in practice. In theory, however, it does not help much. Some of the contemporary composers may be ideologically opposed to their Governments; and when does a composer cease to be contemporary from the æsthetic point of view? Debussy and Ravel, though, in fact, dead, are our æsthetic contemporaries, for as Sir Thomas Beecham once strenuously maintained, music is always many years behind the times.

In any case, a composer long since dead may be the very embodiment of precisely the ideology we dislike and oppose. The obvious instance of this is Wagner. Not without reason have the Nazis enshrined him as their particular idol; the glorification of the Siegfried idea and of the superiority of German culture as such in his operas, the anti-Semitic bias in his private career, suffice to show Wagner's affinity with Nazi ideals.

IN view of the present imbroglio in European affairs, it seems that music-lovers may have to make up their minds about what may generally be defined as the relationship between music and politics. Let me confess at once that I have not been able in any absolute sense to make up my own mind, though I am conscious of a very definite bias. In any case, no harm can be done by a clear exposition of the problem, whatever solution the reader may eventually find acceptable. Briefly stated, the problem is this: If a country is at war with another country, or, not being actually at war, is in active opposition to its government and ideals, how far should the attitude towards the music of the hostile country be affected? Has art in reality anything to do with politics? If it has, should all art be treated in the same manner or might some be reasonably excepted?

A number of people are prepared to maintain that political enmity or friendship has nothing to do with

MAFALDA FAVERO:
SOPRANO.FRITZ KRENN:
BARITONE.ANNY KONETZNI:
SOPRANO.MARIA CANIGLIA:
SOPRANO.RICHARD TAUBER:
TENOR.HILDE KONETZNI:
SOPRANO.BENIAMINO GIGLI:
TENOR.KERSTIN THORBORG:
CONTRALTO.

music at all, that it is absurd to refuse to listen to the music of Beethoven or Wagner because you hate Hitler, to eschew Verdi because you distrust Mussolini, to long for Shostakoyitch because you admire Stalin, and so on. Sir Thomas Beecham, if my memory is not at fault, put forward a plea very much in this sense the other day when dealing with the forthcoming Covent Garden opera season. And well he might; for if a dislike of totalitarianism is to rule the roast, there is an end of opera in this country; whatever else may or may not revolve around the Rome-Berlin Axis, opera unquestionably does so. Further, I will admit that all my own prejudices tend in the same direction; I was one of those who, during the last war, most hotly resented the ban on German music in countries such as France. I thought, and still think, that we showed our superiority by refusing to countenance it here.

Nevertheless, I have an uneasy feeling that things have changed a little. The gospel of Art for Art's Sake may already have been discredited in 1914, but the gospel of Art for the sake of the State had not yet been firmly established as it is now. Cultural propaganda is the *mot d'ordre* to-day in every country, among the democracies no less than the others. In short, music together with the other arts is increasingly viewed as a typical social activity, an integral part of a civilisation whose excellence it is desired to emphasise. You would expect this view to obtain, of course, in totalitarian countries, as also in authoritarian countries, such as Portugal, and probably Spain, where the claims of the State, though of the first importance, are not in the ultimate resort regarded as supreme. The

MAE CRAVEN:
SOPRANO.HERBERT JANSSEN:
BARITONE.GINA CIGNA:
SOPRANO.

SINGERS WHO WILL BE HEARD IN THE INTERNATIONAL OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN FROM MAY 1 TO JUNE 16.

The season at Covent Garden will be under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham, who will have the assistance of Dr. Felix Weingartner (conducting opera for the first time in England), Vittorio Gui, and Constant Lambert, who recently conducted the Vic-Wells ballet at the Command Performance at Covent Garden in honour of M. Lebrun. The repertory is to consist of fifteen operas, by Mozart, Verdi, Puccini, Wagner, and Smetana. Gigli will appear (among other rôles) in "Tosca" as Cavaradossi, Tauber as Don Ottavio in "Don Giovanni," Kerstin Thorborg as Brangane in "Tristan" for the first time in England, and Herbert Janssen as Wotan, also for the first time in England. Gina Cigna will sing the title-rôle in "Tosca," and Maria Caniglia will be singing in the rôles of Desdemona in "Otello" and Violetta in "Traviata" for the first time in England.

Take, for instance, the case of executive musicians. It is clear that we must inevitably feel repugnance at patronising artists who are subjects of the State with whom we are at variance. Apart from any reasons of sentiment, purely material factors here enter into the matter. These artists will be paid and will presumably take a large proportion of our money away with them to further indirectly purposes of which we disapprove. For obvious reasons this case cannot arise in a state of actual war, but it can, and does, frequently arise in that state of semi-war in which Europe has been living for the last year or two. Every individual, in accordance with his particular ideological reactions, must define for himself his precise attitude in

Indeed, it might be claimed, I suppose, that Wagner was one of the originators of those ideals. On the other hand, those of us who found them unsympathetic have been pointing this out for years, long before Herr Hitler came into power. Yet to the vast majority of music-lovers they never seemed repugnant, so I do not quite see how anything is, in fact, changed. If Wagner is a hostile and pernicious influence now, he was a hostile and pernicious influence twenty years ago.

But leaving out Wagner as an altogether exceptional case, what about the other great German composers? Are we to be rid of Beethoven and Bach even though they are officially recognised as German culture-heroes? I cannot and will not bring myself to adopt such an extreme view. Unless you are prepared to go so far as to say that it is desirable that German culture should be eradicated altogether, you must be prepared to admit merits in it; and if the music of Beethoven and Bach be not one of

such merits, where shall they be found? Let us not allow the tornadoes of fear and hate to destroy our sanity altogether.

Lastly, it is not unreasonable to bear in mind the fundamental nature of the art of music itself. Music is fundamentally the art of appeasement. It can, of course be used to arouse enthusiasm and martial ardour, but, so far as I know, no music with any pretensions to significance has ever been written deliberately to incite hatred. The same cannot be said of literature or painting—at any rate, in applied forms, as is sufficiently attested by journalism, the pamphlet, the poster, and the propagandist picture of the kind recently imported from Spain. Music may say with Antigone that she was born not to hate but to love.



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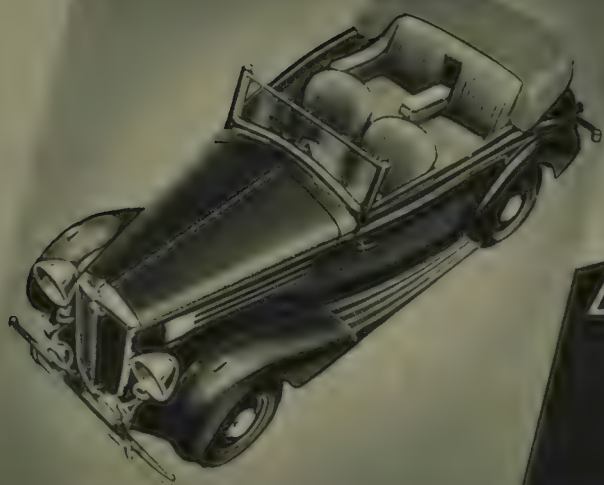
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

QUITE a number of new models are taking part in the R.A.C. Rally to Brighton (April 25-29). Five Daimlers are competing in that event, from



IN THE GROUNDS OF STOURHEAD HOUSE, WILTSHIRE: A SEVEN-SEATER HOOPER LIMOUSINE ON A ROLLS-ROYCE "WRAITH" CHASSIS.

Stourhead House, owned by Sir Henry Hoare, sixth baronet, is one of the English country houses open to the public. Its central block, presenting an imposing classical façade, was designed by Colin Campbell for Mr. Henry Hoare c. 1720. In the park is Alfred's Tower, an astonishing triangular erection 160 ft. high, which was built in 1772 by the second Henry Hoare on the supposed site of a victory over the Danes.

the new 2½-litre "Ritz" saloon to the Daimler "Straight Eight"-cylinder limousine equipped with every conceivable luxury fitting and priced at about

£2000. Amongst these is the new Daimler, with launch-like open four-seating sports touring coachwork of rather unorthodox design.

All makes of British cars are selling very well at the present time. During the seven months of this motor-production year—September 1938 to March 25, 1939—the Standard Motor Company have produced and sold 30,000 cars, a number equal to the whole of last season's output. Vauxhall Motors' sales during March set up a new high record in the annals of this Luton firm. Over 7000 Vauxhall cars and Bedford commercial motor-vehicles were delivered to their purchasers during that month, and for this season Vauxhall sales are 27 per cent. higher than for the corresponding period last year.

Over 1000 more men are now employed at this Luton factory, bringing up the total to over 9000 hands. Also one and a half million pounds sterling have been spent during the past year on new factory extensions and plant which are rapidly nearing completion. Mr. C. J. Bartlett, the managing director, well deserves all praise for the splendid state of efficiency these works have now achieved, and I was not a bit surprised when he stated that "our orders for April are equally promising and we are looking forward to a record year."

As was expected, an E.R.A. 1½-litre supercharged racing car, owned and driven by Mr. A. P. R. Rolt, a well-known amateur motorcyclist and driver, won the British Empire Trophy race at Donington on April 1. Mr. Rolt was the only competitor to better his handicap speed in the whole race, which he won comfortably by a couple of laps at the excellent pace of 75.91 miles per hour. This win is very apropos as a British Motor Racing Fund is being raised by an influential and important committee to guarantee a sum of £12,000 per annum so that England can be represented by English Racing Automobiles in the chief events of the motor-racing season.

Mr. Humphrey Cook has promised to give £4000 per annum if the remaining £8000 is subscribed, and as he has alone spent £75,000 during the past five years building and running E.R.A. cars for the sake of Great Britain's motor-racing prestige, I think it is most generous of him to support the Fund to that extent.

Among the more interesting entrants for the R.A.C. Rally at Brighton this year is Miss Dorothy M. M. Stanley-Turner, with her special 100-m.p.h. short chassis 4.3-Litre Alvis Open Sports Tourer. A similar model, but for the stripping of its wings, windscreen, lamps, etc., lapped Brooklands at 115 miles per hour and reached a top speed of nearly 120 miles per hour, driven by Mr. Tommy Wisdom in the Dunlop Jubilee Handicap last year. Miss Stanley-Turner, it will be remembered, commenced serious racing at Brooklands in 1937 and quickly made a name for her fearless handling of cars in the 1100-c.c. class. It will be interesting, therefore, to watch the performance of her exceptionally fast car in the final tests at Brighton.



ON THE PRACTICABLE BUT DANGEROUS HIRNANT PASS FROM LAKE VYRNWY TO BALA, IN WALES: A VAUXHALL "TWELVE" (1939).



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(Translation)

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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

SPRING-TIME IN THE DOLOMITES.

A FASCINATING region at all times, the mountain district of the Tyrolean Alps known as the Dolomites is especially so in the springtime, when the vivid colouring of the veins of rock in the fantastically formed peaks of magnesian limestone is matched by hill-slopes ablaze with the blossom of crocus and anemone, violet and cyclamen, orchards of

and the charm of the people of the countryside is that in each valley you will find different customs and costumes, and always a hearty welcome for the visitor. In the Isarco Valley, starting from Colle Isarco, 4000 ft. up, amid pleasant pine-woods, and proceeding southwards, you come to Vipiteno, an extremely picturesque old village, with arched streets, signs of wrought iron, and much carved woodwork; and from it, over the Giovo Pass, you can get to St. Leonards, in the Passeier Valley, and the inn in which that great patriot Andreas Hofer was born. Next in the Isarco Valley is Bressanone, a mediæval

cathedral town, with a museum in which there are rare treasures of Gothic sculptures and jewels, lying amongst chestnut woods and vineyards; then, by way of Plancios, you reach Chiusa and Ponte all' Isarco, from which you can go up to Siusi, a perfect little gem, on a flower-spangled plateau amidst the Siusi Alps.

From Ponte all' Isarco eastwards, the road runs along the beautiful Gardena Valley, by Ortisei, a most attractive old-world town, bounded by meadows and with a background of forest-clad hills and gigantic Dolomite peaks; past S. Cristina and Selva, two pretty little village resorts, over the Sella Pass to Canazei; and from there you can go either further eastwards, by the Passo dei Pordoi, to Pieve, and on over the Passo di Falzarego, where there are marvellous panoramic views, to

Cortina d'Ampezzo, or to the south-west, along the lovely Fassa Valley, to Vigo; and then westwards, over the Costalunga Pass and along the romantic Ega Valley, to Carezza al Lago, where there is some of the finest mountain scenery in the Dolomites; and on by way of sunny and sheltered Nova Levante to Bolzano. In the Pusteria Valley, Brunico has much to offer the visitor; two other attractive spots are Villabassa and Corvara; and in Braies, an offshoot of this valley, with the wildest of scenery, is Braies al Lago,

a combination of placid lake, pine-woods, and mountain peaks which makes it a paradise.

The three largest of the Dolomite resorts are Cortina, with a magnificent situation among the loftiest of the Dolomite peaks, and with almost every kind of mountain scenery in the neighbourhood, walks by the winding River Boite and amid delightful woods, centre for excursions to lovely Lake Misurina, to Pieve di Cadore, the birthplace of Titian, and to the plateau of Tre Croci, one of the finest view-points in the Dolomites; Bolzano, situated on the banks of the River Talvera, along both sides of which are pleasant promenades, and from which there is a splendid distant view of the Dolomites, whilst the sunset glow on the Rosengarten is one of the unforgettable sights of the world; and Merano, which has quaint arcades and old courtyards, with a very up-to-date modern side, comprising a casino, theatre, fine hotels, and excellent facilities for sport. It has a very sheltered and sunny situation, which makes it very popular in the spring, a delightful two-mile-long winding mountain promenade, the Passegiata Tappeiner, aerial railways to Avelungo and San Vigilio, and is a centre for many exceedingly attractive excursions to mediæval castles and famous beauty spots, including lovely Lake Garda. It is also quite near to Castle Tyrol, where Margaret Maultasch, known as the Ugly Duchess, once lived.



ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY RESORTS IN THE DOLOMITES: A DELIGHTFUL VIEW OF MERANO IN SPRINGTIME.

pink and white apple-bloom, and the fresh green foliage of the larch. The Dolomites, the highest point in which is the Marmolata (19,972 ft.), are easily reached from London via Basle, the Arlberg and Innsbruck; and the roads in the region are so good that it can be traversed throughout by motor; and in this manner, too, a great deal of its finest scenery can be viewed.

There are upwards of sixty resorts in the Dolomites, at varying altitudes, and all with a high standard of accommodation and a moderate tariff; and this wide range of choice gives visitors ample scope for finding just that place which suits them best. The resorts lie scattered along delightful little valleys, amid towering peaks; in some places there are wide stretches of almost level ground;



CHARACTERISTIC OF THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN THE DOLOMITES: THE ALPS OF SIUSI, WHERE THE FLORA IS EXQUISITE AND THERE ARE MAGNIFICENT VIEWS. (Photographs by Enit-London.)



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**DEPENDABILITY—PERFORMANCE
COMFORT—ECONOMY**

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

THE two solid novels this month are both translations. The Yiddish "East of Eden" is a story of the poor and oppressed, the under-dog who bears the brunt of every war and revolution, and gains by none. Mattes, a Jewish pedlar, lives in the Street of the Beggars in the Polish village of Pyask. He is devout, simple, and uncomplaining; his utmost ambition is not to starve, and his greatest grief, endured humbly, like all the rest, is the fact that he has only daughters. When, at long last, his Rachel brings forth a son, he is beside himself with joy, and calls the child Nachman—Son of Consolation.

Nachman has a wretched childhood; he is sickly and over-sensitive, ashamed of his poverty, ashamed because his father is a laughing-stock with the village boys. He suffers tortures at school. But though not quick, he is docile and conscientious, and Mattes dreams of seeing him a light in Israel. But then a dreadful thing happens; Sheindel, the eldest girl, has an illegitimate child. The family don't reproach her, but after that they can't stay in Pyask; they flee to hide their disgrace in the Warsaw ghetto, and the young student of the Talmud becomes a baker's boy. For a time they just manage to scrape a living. Then war breaks out; Mattes leaves as a conscript with the Russian army, and is never heard of again. Next, the Germans enter Warsaw, and commandeer, among other things, the supply of flour; and Nachman, like a host of other young men, is thrown out of work.

In his idleness and despair he is just ripe for the new gospel of Communism. At first he attends meetings to please a girl with whom he is in love; very soon, however, he comes to believe with all his soul, as he had believed the Talmud in the old days. No comrade works so hard, none has a more pious faith in Comrade Daniel—a rich young Jew, a handsome windbag with neither brains nor conscience, only a devouring appetite for applause. Through Daniel, Nachman is embroiled with half the movement in Warsaw—the more intelligent half; he is involved in a senseless demonstration, and sent to forced labour in Germany.

The novel reads as if it had been cut at this point. In the next chapter, we find the hero back in Warsaw, employed as a baker again, and living with the girl who converted him. The World War has come to an end, but there is a new war fever in Poland, and just as Nachman has begun to settle down, he is torn away to fight for his country's freedom. Returning wounded and furiously embittered, he falls once more into the hands of Comrade Daniel. There is a round-up of Communists, and while Daniel is politely exchanged with the Soviet for a Polish bishop, Nachman, after hideous tortures, is condemned to eight years in gaol.

Throughout those eight years, through hunger strikes and floggings, he is kept up by a single thought: when they let him go, he will cross the border into Russia and end his days among "his own people." Torture and imprisonment have broken his health; he can do no more, and surely he has earned a place in the workers' paradise.

To this resolve he holds fast—though his wife and sister implore him to have done with foolishness, though the comrades in Warsaw treat him as a deserter, and Comrade Daniel leaves his letters unanswered. He has to go; yearning for his spiritual home has eaten him up. One dark night, he slips across the "frontier of Eden."

And with his first step on holy ground there begins a series of terrible disillusionments. The workers in this land of freedom are filthy, ragged and all but starving. They ask about conditions in Poland; he talks of oppression, and they answer, "What is the price of bread?" In Moscow, as in any other town, there are rich and poor; the bosses hate the workers, and are hated by them; the oppressed are more oppressed than ever. But at the conclusion of the Five Year Plan, there will be heaven on earth. Nachman believes that too; he gets a job in a factory and becomes a "pace-setter"; most of his wretched earnings go to the cause. And then the Five Year Plan begins to collapse. Nachman, like many just as innocent, is accused of sabotage, subjected to another course of third degree—this time spiritual—and ordered out of the Union. He dare not return to Poland, and we leave him in the neutral zone between the two countries, along with an old horse that has been thrown there to die. Of course, the Russian chapters in this book are the most absorbing, but the narrative is skilful and sympathetic all through. And though unbelievably sad, it is not so painful as one might expect.

"The House of Tavelinck" also shows the seamy side of revolution, but this time it is the French Revolution, and the hero is a Dutch aristocrat. Driven from his own country by an Orange mob, he goes to Paris and takes service with the Republic. His dream is to return home in triumph at the head of an army of liberators, and in the end it comes true; but not till he has been arrested as an accomplice of the traitor Dumouriez, and spent many months in the shadow of the guillotine.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY JEWEL CABINET BY JEAN HENRI RIESENER.

Riesener (1734-1806), born at Gladbeck, near Essen, was the most celebrated of the French *ébénistes* of the second half of the eighteenth century. In Paris he entered the atelier of J. F. Oeben, "*ébéniste du Roi*," who died in 1763. In the marquetry of the cabinet here illustrated, the exquisitely drawn and shaded diaper pattern is of mahogany on a ground of faded sycamore; the interior is veneered with tulipwood and fitted with small drawers and secret compartments. The cabinet came to the Museum in 1882 as part of the Jones Bequest.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- East of Eden. By I. J. Singer. (Putnam; 8s. 6d.)
The House of Tavelinck. By Jo van Ammers-Küller. (Cape; 10s. 6d.)
Strange Island Story. By Richard Oke. (Arthur Barker; 8s. 6d.)
The Hopkins Manuscript. By R. C. Sherriff. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
The Woman in the Hall. By G. B. Stern. (Cassell; 8s. 6d.)
The Brandons. By Angela Thirkell. (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.)
Be All My Sins Remembered. By Mara Meulen. (Richards Press; 7s. 6d.)
The Altar-Piece. By Naomi Royde Smith. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
Under the Long Barrow. By Christopher Haddon. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
Overture to Death. By Ngalo Marsh. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
Death at Dancing Stones. By Mary Fitt. (Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.)
Hasty Wedding. By M. G. Eberhart. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
The Spanish Pistol. By A. G. Macdonell. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)

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Franzensbad—Hotel Königsvilla—The leading Hotel, near Bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

Leipzig—Hotel Astoria—The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

Munich—The new Hotel Excelsior—Near the Hauptbahnhof. First class, modern and quietly placed. Rooms from R.M. 3.50 onwards.

Sand—Kurhaus Sand—R.A.C. Hotel (2900 feet). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake and sun-bathg., fishg. Inclusive terms fr. Mks. 6. Catalogues.

GERMANY—(Continued)

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Wiesbaden—Hotel Nassauer Hof—World renowned. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best British society. Pen. from 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden—Palast Hotel—1st-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath, estab. Pension from R.M. 10.

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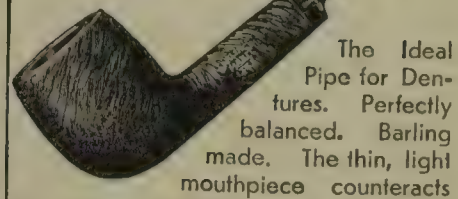
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Continued.

The book is crowded with people. We are shown the heavy splendours of a Dutch burghmaster's house in the eighteenth century; we see Dirk's father swollen with power and arrogance, and then a ruined man, fleeing from the rabble and murdered on his own doorstep. The second brother, discreet, timid and puritanical, rises as Dirk falls, for he is a conservative and a supporter of Orange. The third goes to seek his fortune in the East Indies, and returns a nabob, flaunting a queer coffee-coloured brat as his son and heir. These Dutch scenes have the attraction of novelty; but those in Paris are almost equally fresh, and just as crowded and effective.

"The House of Tavelinck" needs a little perseverance at first; it is on the heavy side, and takes a while to get going. So does "Strange Island Story," for a different reason. Mr. Oke begins by flitting from brain to brain, telling you what his characters are thinking before telling you who they are. Even when we find out, the flitting method continues, so that we have not much chance to get acquainted with them. But that is the only fault; Mr. Oke is light, sophisticated, attractive, and at times moving. He, too, describes a revolution: the rising of the Gondalbesques—natives of every colour from black to white—against the handful of English who run Gondalba. This revolution is truly merciful and high-minded—but, of course, hopeless.

Revolutions are small beer to the events in "The Hopkins Manuscript." How the moon was found to be pinning towards the earth—how England prepared—how the crash came, but the world was *not* destroyed, and the survivors set to work in the ruins—these things are told by Edgar Hopkins, an ordinary comic little man on the point of death from starvation in Notting Hill. For the Western peoples escaped the moon only to destroy each other by fighting over it. That is only too plausible; the rest is not, but all the details are fascinating and convincing once you have swallowed the science.

Mrs. G. B. Stern is one of those writers who know their job. In "The Woman in the Hall" she tells the story of a "nice little woman" who lives—or, rather, increases her "tiny income"—by visiting. In harsher words, Lorna Blake is a professional beggar, and usually she drags her little girls about with her to excite compassion. One is destroyed by this upbringing; the other endures agonies of shame, but comes through unscathed. I didn't feel that Lorna and her children had much to do with real life, but it is impossible for a novel to be more readable.

Mrs. Thirkell has not this gift of sustaining interest. She has others of the most enchanting kind, and her new novel, "The Brandons," is as exquisitely funny as anything she has written; but the parts are always better than the whole. All the same, there is no one like her.

"Be All My Sins Remembered" is a first attempt, uneven and a little pretentious as they are apt to be. It is about a young man growing up, and forming a theory that death can be abolished. Very little is made of this, and the best passages are those that describe Paul's relation with his girl.

Then the crime stories. "The Altar-Piece" is not exactly detection; it is a gradual revelation of horror, neatly constructed, elegant and macabre. I have not met such a grisly villainess for some time. "Under the Long Barrow," though nearer the detective story, is again a gradual unveiling rather than a puzzle. As all the characters are unpleasant, the crucial horror fails to stir one quite as it should. The writing is admirable, but, to me, the theme suggested Wilkie Collins rather than human nature.

With "Overture to Death" we come to detection pure and simple. The crime at Pen Cuckoo may not be quite as entertaining as the Society crime in Miss Marsh's last book, but it is excellent for all that. I found it easy to spot the criminal, not by deduction, but on the ground of aesthetic rightness; however, even if you guess, it won't spoil the fun. I am glad to report that Inspector Alleyne has no scene with his lady-love in this volume.

In "Death at Dancing Stones," the police officer is rather a bully, but he gets nowhere; and one can't blame him, for the criminal is very unlikely. There are precedents for his or her behaviour in fiction, but surely nowhere else. The victim is one of those tyrannical millionaires who ask to be murdered, and whom detective-writers kill off like flies. Yet the story is not banal; it is saved by its intelligence and distinction of manner.



THE CHAIRMAN OF WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, MR. BERNARD DOCKER: THE HOSPITAL'S NEW BUILDINGS WERE ARRANGED TO BE OPENED BY THE KING AND QUEEN ON APRIL 20.

Mr. Docker has given both time and money in the past three years to the rebuilding of Westminster Hospital, its Nurses' Home and Medical School.

In "Hasty Wedding," you may spot the murderer almost before the crime is committed. Again, it doesn't matter in the least; Mrs. Eberhart deals in thrills, not in deduction, and all we ask of her is to be made to shiver and shake. And Dorcas's foolish call on a rejected swain, on the night before her marriage, is creepy enough for anyone.

"The Spanish Pistol" contains something for all tastes; only the graver stories incline to melodrama, and the comic are at moments a little flat. I don't think Mr. Macdonell is at his best in this form. K. J.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from page 668.)

Reich. We who inhabit this earth must draw closer together in brotherly love than we have done. Selfishness, ignorance, and fear have brought us to the pass we are in. We ought to have helped the Germans to a wiser constitution after the war. The Weimar Constitution is a beautiful thing—a code for angels. They needed a code for earthly use. We should have known that they had never learned to manage civic responsibility. In writing this book about present-day life among Germans, I have striven to give a clear, true, and balanced picture. I hope it will rouse wise men to help them to get back into the vanguard of civilised people where, by merit of their talents, they rightly belong."

There is a spirit of charity and fair play about this book that lends all the more weight to the author's words when she finds occasion to condemn. One can only hope that she is justified of her belief in the latent virtues of the German character, expressed in such a passage as the following, which also, by the way, indicates the significance of her book's rather cryptic title. Here she declares: "I have faith in the goodness, the courage, and the endurance of the Germans. They are a people whose true nature is not to hate, but to love all their fellow men. . . . In ages past the Germans have reached so high in getting truth for mankind that they have touched the stars. They have brought down for us gifts beyond estimation. That contribution is not ended. . . . Often I have heard it said that Nazi-ism will last a thousand years. I think that those who speak for it over-estimate the time of its duration. The good in this movement will endure. All other elements the German people will discard."

German courage and endurance are abundantly demonstrated in "HIMALAYAN QUEST." The German Expeditions to Siniolchum and Nanga Parbat. Edited by Paul Bauer. Translated from the German by E. G. Hall. With 96 Plates and 4 Maps (Nicholson and Watson; 21s.). Mountains provide the most dramatic theme in all travel literature, and invariably lend themselves to magnificent photography. In both these respects the present volume is outstanding. The photographs are superb. The text, unhappily, includes the story of the greatest disaster in the history of mountaineering, in which an avalanche overwhelmed the whole expedition except one climber and some porters at the base.

Sir Francis Younghusband, who recalls that he first saw Nanga Parbat forty-nine years ago, contributes a long and deeply interesting Foreword, in which he writes: "The chief interest in this book lies not in the detailed description of the climbs, but in the spirit in which they were made. The main motive of the German climbers was not to establish a record, but to prove that Germans were men. . . . They did not succeed in climbing the greatest peaks—neither Kangchenjunga nor Nanga Parbat. But they did succeed in achieving their main object. They did show us that Germany still possessed men. We had never doubted it. But Germans evidently thought we did, and wished to prove how wrong we were. And they have proved this and much more. They have shown that Germany possesses not only very manly but very lovable men. For one cannot read this epic story of their struggle with these tremendous mountains without being filled with admiration of their good comradeship and devotion to their leader . . . and," Sir Francis adds, "this camaraderie extended to British officers connected with the expedition and also to the Himalayan porters."

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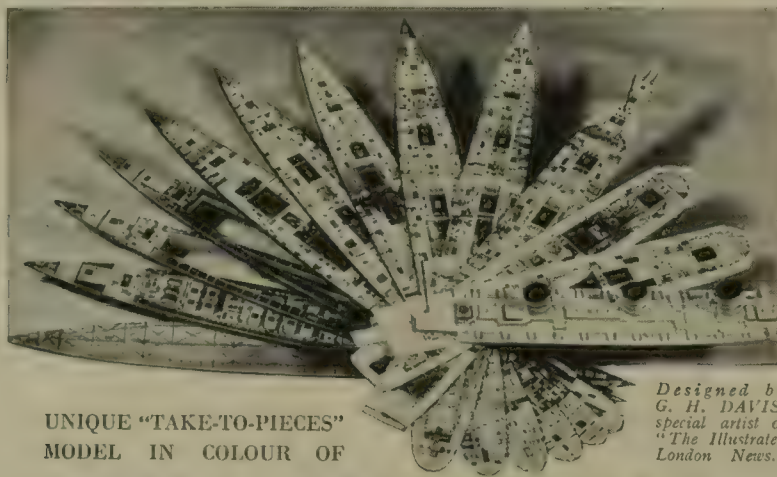
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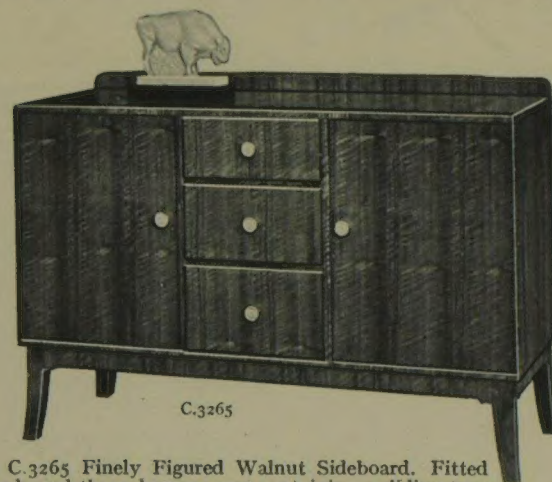
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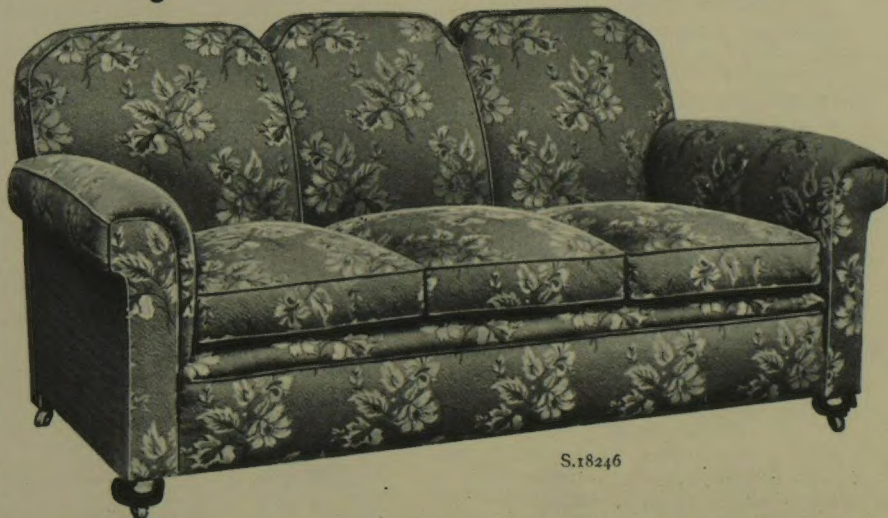
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WITHIN the wide limits of the United States of America there is a diversity of scenery which, combined with the historical charm of New England—Land of the Pilgrim Fathers; the early settlements in Virginia; New Orleans and its impress of an old-time French domain; the coast of Florida and its echoes of the Spaniard Juan Ponce de Leon; California, with its Spanish Missions along El Camino Real; the lure of the Indian trail; the path of the pioneer; and the old townships of the 'Forty-niners, offers the traveller a field rich indeed for exploration, and one unsurpassed in any land for its all-round attractiveness.

It is but natural that with a land of such vast extent—stretching from 25° 35' to 49° N. in latitude, and abutting upon two oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific—there are considerable climatic differences, very marked between winter and summer, which constitute an asset, in a travel sense; since at any time of the year one is able to find a resort with an agreeable climate. For instance, though no one would think of going to Death Valley, in Southern California, in the summer-time, when it has what is claimed to be the highest temperature in the world, this is now winning a reputation as a winter resort, on account of its dry, bracing air and abundant sunshine; and so it is with somewhat similar regions in Arizona and New Mexico. Palm Beach and other Florida coast resorts have their season in the winter-time; whilst, farther north, along the Atlantic coast, and mostly along the Pacific coast, summer-time is the holiday-time; and though in the height of summer inland, in the Eastern and Western, and in the Central, States, there are sometimes periods of high temperatures, which necessitate wearing the lightest of clothing, such amenities as cool, air-conditioned carriages on the trains, air-conditioned theatres, cinemas, restaurants and rooms in hotels, and abundant supplies of cooled foods, particularly fruit and salads, go far towards making it possible to travel in

TRAVEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

A LAND OF GREAT SCENIC VARIETY AND WITH MANY HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

really magnificent parks; and, of course, Washington, with its White House, home of the Presidents of the United States; the Capitol, home of the Congress; the Washington Obelisk, the world's highest pile of masonry (from which there is a splendid view of this beautiful city), and, amongst many other noble edifices, the one which symbolises the unity of the American nations. Philadelphia, the city of William Penn, will show you Independence Hall, where the Second Continental Congress met during the American

smartest of shops, amazing commercial life, wonderful homes of millionaires, and extraordinary collection of communities from all over the world, cannot fail to astound you, and give you an insight into the problems of American national life such as you will probably obtain nowhere else in the country.

You pass, on an extended tour of the United States—assuming that you have paid your visit to the Niagara Falls—from Chicago to Denver, crossing the great Mississippi, the scene of so many of the exploits of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Denver is the centre for a visit to that splendid stretch of mountain territory in Colorado known as the Rocky Mountain National Park. The drive to it by car over the Lariat Trail, by Lookout Mountain, on the summit of which is the grave of Buffalo Bill, is by

way of Idaho Springs and the Berthoud Pass, where the height is 11,134 ft., and the scenery is superb the whole of the way. Southwards from Denver lies Colorado Springs, a delightful centre for tours among the Rockies, and with a funicular railway from nearby Manitou Springs to the 9000-ft. summit of Mount Manitou, from which there is a grand view of Pike's Peak. You can reach, by cog-wheel railway, or by a wonderfully graded motor-road, the top of this famous mountain, 14,100 ft. in height, and obtain the finest panoramic view possible of the Rocky Mountains. Then, southward again, to the marvellous petrified forests of Arizona, of trees which were growing in the Triassic Period, now turned to solid stone; and the Grand Canyon, claimed to be the greatest natural wonder of the world; a mighty chasm, from five to fifteen miles wide, and more than a mile deep, cut by the Colorado River through a plateau from 6000 to 9000 ft. in height; through rocks which reveal every phase in the formation of the earth's surface save those of the Ordovician and Silurian Periods. The fantastic outlines caused by erosion, the extraordinarily beautiful colouring of the banded



ONE OF THE GREATEST NATURAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD: THE GRAND CANYON, SHOWING ITS FANTASTIC ROCK FORMATION AND THE COLORADO RIVER FAR BELOW.



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF THE LAKES OF AMERICA: LAKE TAHOE, IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.



THE BEST-KNOWN OF THE ROCKIES OF COLORADO: PIKE'S PEAK, WHICH HAS A HEIGHT OF 14,100 FT., AS SEEN FROM RAMPART RANGE ROAD.

comfort. So much of the finest scenery is among the mountains, where many of the most up-to-date American resorts are situated, that summer is certainly the most attractive time of the year for travel in the United States.

As for travel arrangements, these very nearly approach the ideal. Carriages on trains are far more roomy than those in this country; the Pullman cars give one splendid night and day accommodation for a very moderate extra charge; the dining-car service is distinctly good, also the cuisine; and on fast, long-distance trains there are drawing-room cars, with good supplies of magazines, appliances for writing, wireless and observation cars, whilst some, too, have buffets. Hotels have a high standard of cuisine and comfort, an outstanding feature being the provision for baths, which are considered to be a necessity rather than a luxury. Holiday camps, with most of the conveniences and comforts of hotels, but with a far less conventional atmosphere, are prominent in the various National Parks in mountain regions. There are excellent air services, connecting all the principal cities, coastal and trans-continental, for in this land of vast distances air travel is a great boon.

Within the limits of this article it is possible to mention only the outstanding places of interest and natural beauty; places which, so to speak, can be taken in one's stride in the course of a visit to this land of many charms, of which by no means the least is its racial complexity, knit together, so far as the traveller is concerned, by the common tie of kindness and hospitality to the stranger. Taking cities first, when you have thoroughly "explored" the World's Fair, you will certainly wish to see a good deal of New York, with its splendid Fifth Avenue, the Empire State Building, the loftiest in the world, although the Rockefeller Building—nearly as high—is, to my mind, decidedly more interesting; the Great White Way; Greenwich Village; the Bowery, and Harlem. You should also include a visit to the Planetarium, one of the world's wonders. Boston, where much of the British spirit survives, must be seen, with its old South Church, in which there were meetings of protest against the Tea Duty; the Old State House, built in 1748; Faneuil Hall, termed the "Cradle of Liberty"; and



ONE OF THE WONDERS OF AMERICA: A SECTION OF A PETRIFIED TREE, LYING IN POSITION AS UNCOVERED FROM THE SURROUNDING ROCK.

Revolution, where the Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776, and which contains the famous Liberty Bell; and other very interesting buildings. Chicago, with its skyscrapers, the largest hotel, railway centre and stockyards in the world; its magnificent monuments,

rocks, and the striking contrast between the purple haze which veils its distances, the deep green of the pine-trees on its rim and the intense blue of the sky are amazing, almost beyond belief.

From the Grand Canyon to Los Angeles, unless you decide to make an Indian detour and see something of Indian life and, possibly, the remarkable Puyé cliff-dwellings, or those of Frijoles Canyon. Los Angeles is a delightful spot in which to linger. The quality and variety of its fruit in summer-time, from dates, figs, oranges and bananas to grapes, cherries, strawberries, peaches and nectarines, are astounding, the drive along the Pacific coast is enchanting, and the homes of movie stars among the beautiful Beverly Hills prove a tremendous attraction to many visitors. Between Los Angeles and San Francisco, on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is the Valley of the Yosemite, the loveliest valley in the world. A very pleasant route to it is to travel by train to Fresno, and go from there to the Valley through some of the richest of the fruit-growing lands in California. Some eight miles in length and from half a mile to a mile wide, the Yosemite Valley has magnificent cliff scenery, waterfalls of singular beauty and a luxuriance of vegetation which makes it an ideal summer retreat.

San Francisco, the City of the Golden Gate, with its beautiful bay, now spanned by one of the greatest of the world's bridges, linking the city with Treasure Island—on which, also, there is a World's Fair—and Oakland, is a most interesting and agreeable centre for a summer stay, with its "echoes" of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jack London; and the facilities it provides for visits to the lovely Peninsula of Monterey, the far-famed Burbank Gardens at Santa Rosa, to Sacramento, California's capital, and to that stretch of country in Northern California among the Sierra Nevada where gold was first found, the scene of so many of Bret Harte's stirring tales; and where to-day, at Grass Valley, Nevada City and Placerville—once known as Hangtown—mines are being worked, and you can visualise episodes of the days of the 'Forty-niners, and go on to Donner Lake, the scene of one of the most tragic happenings in the times of the great gold rush, and to Lake Tahoe, one of the loveliest of the lakes of America.

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THE VALLEY OF THE YOSEMITE: AND THE NIAGARA FALLS.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

AMERICA has a great deal of beautiful scenery, as those who take advantage of the extraordinarily cheap facilities offered to visitors this year in connection with the World's Fair at New York will discover for themselves, but of its many beauty spots, one, certainly, is outstanding—the Valley of the Yosemite, perhaps the

the shimmering waters of the Bridal Veil Falls. Here the Valley widens; on the left—that is, on the south side—the fantastic Gothic pinnacles of Cathedral Spires rise to view; beyond them, Sentinel Dome and Glacier Point, huge cliffs of majestic height. On the right, on the north side, beyond El Capitan, are Rocky Point and Eagle Peak;

3000-ft. sheer from its base on the Valley floor, standing sentinel on the left, and opposite, on the right, the nobly-proportioned Cathedral Rocks adown the face of which fall

of extraordinary charm where, beneath trees of pine and fir, black oak and willow, are lovely ferns and gaily-coloured flowers, conspicuous among them the flame-red spike of the beautiful snow-plant; whilst overhead flit blue-fronted jays and wood-robins, and you will see chipmunks, red squirrels, marmots and deer, and you may get a snapshot of a brown or black bear! There are high trail rides to be had, far above the Valley, and no one should miss seeing, at Mariposa Grove, the famed Big Trees—*Sequoia gigantea*—some of the largest and oldest trees in the world: the Wawona Tree, large enough to allow a motor charabanc to pass through it, and the Grizzly Giant, having an age which is estimated at 3800 years!

The outstanding feature of the Niagara Falls is their grandeur and their beauty. There are waterfalls greater in height and in width, but there are none surpassing Niagara in charm. The islands separating the Canadian, or Horseshoe, Fall from the American—thickly covered with vegetation, fine trees and shrubs and stretches of the greenest of turf—with huge boulders of rock poised almost on the edge of the cataract, and with rapids on either side of them, are gems of loveliness. The water passing over the Falls is crystal clear, and the rapids below rush through a gorge so wild in character—but with banks on both sides so carefully preserved, that a near and continuous view throughout its distance can be obtained—that it is no matter for wonderment that probably no other single natural phenomenon in America attracts more visitors than the Niagara Falls.

The Horseshoe Fall, on the Canadian side, has a curving crest-line, as its name denotes, with a width of about 2600 ft., and a height of 155 ft.; whilst the American Fall is 165 ft. in height and about 1400 ft. broad. Extremely spectacular effects are obtained by views from behind the American Fall, one of which is a circular rainbow of singular beauty; and it is possible to view the Falls from below from a small steamer, built specially for the purpose, which navigates the seemingly almost calm waters at the foot of the Falls, before they reach the entrance to the dread gorge and whirlpool, which have been the scene



A SPECTACULAR FEATURE OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY: THE YOSEMITE FALLS, WHICH HAVE A SHEER DROP OF 1430 FT. BEFORE CASCADING OVER THE LOWER FALLS.

most beautiful valley in the world. It lies in east-central California, on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains, almost 150 miles due east from San Francisco, and is the crowning glory of the huge tract of 1176 square miles of magnificent mountain scenery which comprises the Yosemite National Park. The Park extends from the lofty crags of the Mount Lyell crests of the Sierra Nevada divide, 13,090 ft. above sea-level, westward for thirty miles or so, down the slope to the mild, forest-clad valley floors where the giant sequoias, sugar-pines, yellow-pines and tall Douglas firs grow. The Yosemite Valley was unknown to the white man before its discovery in 1851 by Captain Boling, of the Mariposa Battalion, when pursuing Tenaya, chieftain of the Yosemite Indians, who had their stronghold there. The vivid account he gave of its beauty made it so popular that, in the year 1865, Congress granted it to the State of California as a reservation, on condition that the State should use all the income from it on building a road into it and in improving it. California kept the trust well, and in a few years the Yosemite Valley became world famous. In 1890 the Yosemite National Park was established; and in 1905 the State of California re-ceded the Valley to the National Government.

The Valley of the Yosemite has a total length of eight miles, and a width of from half a mile to a mile. Its rocky walls, formed by glacial grooving, rise sheer from 2000 to 6000 ft. above the 4000-ft. valley floor, where the Merced River flows down to the lovely Mirror Lake amid beautiful groves of trees, its banks lined with a vegetation of surpassing luxuriance.

Entering from the road known as the Merced Highway, you have a magnificent view of the Valley, with El Capitan, an enormous mass of granite rising



THE ENTRANCE TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE EL CAPITAN ROCK ON THE LEFT AND, FACING IT, THE BRIDAL-VEIL FALLS POURING DOWN FROM THE CATHEDRAL ROCKS.

then Yosemite Point, with its striking Castle Cliffs; and close to it are the spectacular Yosemite Falls, which dash over the 2600-ft.-high precipice to fall in one sheer drop of 1430 ft., tumble over the rocks for a few hundred yards, and then cascade over the Lower Falls (320 ft. high). The Valley ends at the junction of two superb canyons: the Tenaya Canyon and the Merced Canyon; a gigantic rock mass known as Half Dome separating them and forming the mighty barrier which terminates the Yosemite Valley.

Time was when accommodation for visitors to the Yosemite Valley was very limited, but that is by no means the case to-day. Apart from several good hotels, there are now numbers of what are known as holiday camps scattered about the Yosemite National Park, some within the Valley, where you sleep at night in a tastefully designed little bungalow amongst the big trees, with chipmunks playing about your door and the song of birds to waken you, and take your meals in a spacious main dining-room where the cuisine is equal to that of a first-class hotel, and have the use of a well-furnished lounge.

There are facilities for almost every kind of sport, including a swimming-pool and a dance-hall, and horses for trail rides; there is a camp post-office, long-distance telephone, barber's-shop and beauty-parlour,



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL NIAGARA FALLS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING GOAT ISLAND, WHICH DIVIDES THE AMERICAN FALLS (LEFT) FROM THE CANADIAN FALLS, IN THE CENTRE.

photographic studio, laundry, cleaning and pressing and tailor service, a garage with a taxi service, and a hospital; and every night there is a huge camp fire and a sing-song—to end a day spent in open air and sunshine in an ideal manner!

From recent experience, I can vouch for it that a holiday spent in a summer camp in the Yosemite Valley is one of the most delightful imaginable. You can hike, fish, climb, boat or swim, play golf or tennis, or wander amongst woods



BELOW THE HORSESHOE FALLS, ON THE CANADIAN SHORE: A VIEW WHICH GIVES A STRIKING IMPRESSION OF THE GRANDEUR OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.

of many daring exploits; most famous of all, the feats performed by Blondin on a tight-rope stretched across the gorge, on the occasion of the visit of King Edward VII. (as Prince of Wales) to the Niagara Falls in 1860, and that gallant but tragically unsuccessful attempt by Captain Matthew Webb, to swim across the whirlpool and rapids, on July 24, 1883, which cost this famous English swimmer his life. Impressive, indeed, by day, seen by moonlight the beauty of the Falls of Niagara is of an order which entirely transcends the descriptive powers of man!